THE LAND OF THE BLUE GOWN



MRS. ARCHIBALD LITTLE

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IN THE LAND OF THE BLUE GOWN

BY THE SAME AUTHOR

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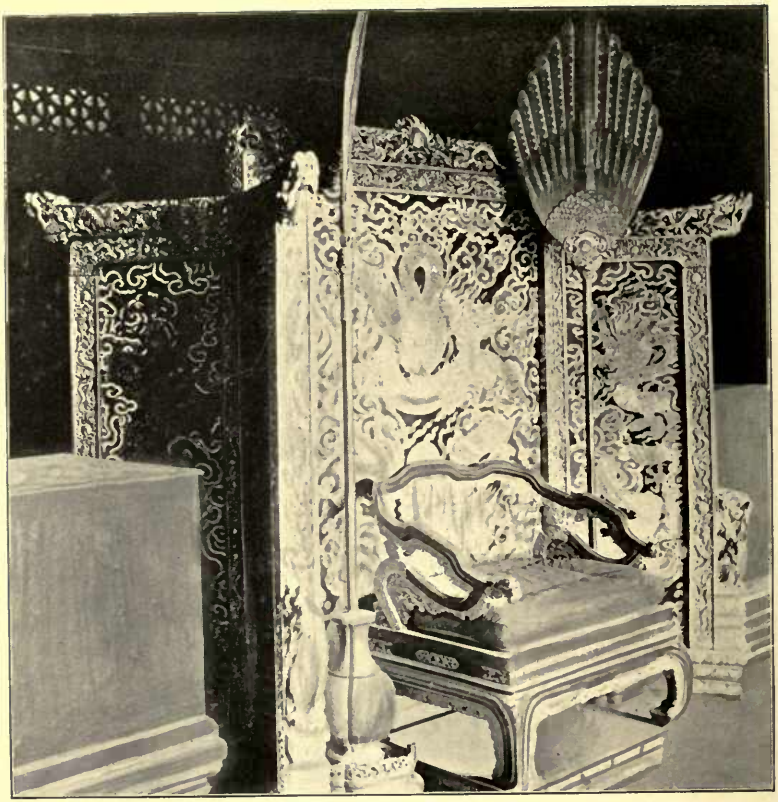
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[*Frontispiece*

In the Land of the Blue Gown

By

MRS ARCHIBALD LITTLE

Author of

"Round about my Pekin Garden," "A Millionaire's Courtship," etc.

"Beware the fury of a patient man."—DRYDEN.

"I think the immortal servants of mankind,
Who, from their graves, watch by how slow degrees
The World-Soul greatens with the centuries,
Mourn most Man's barren levity of mind,
The ear to no grave harmonies inclined,
The witless thirst for false wits worthless lees,
The laugh mistimed in tragic presences,
The eye to all majestic meanings blind."

WILLIAM WATSON.

T. FISHER UNWIN

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PROLOGUE

It was for war correspondents to describe Sir Edward Seymour's "Forlorn Hope" in answer to despairing telegrams, the siege and relief of Tientsin and Peking, together with the subsequent punitive expeditions so-called. Why and how the Boxer Movement arose in China is still a problem to many minds. As some help to its solution I here attempt to picture in outline the condition of things before the uprising of 1900, that Annus Funestus, and that especially in relation to us foreigners in China, just as in *Intimate China* I tried to portray the Chinese people as far as possible apart from foreigners. Beginning with the decay of Peking, the stagnation of Taku, I here seek to reproduce in black and white the picturesqueness and the mediæval usages, the drowsy dulness, then unexplained attacks on the part of the Chinese, the equally unexplained absence of all measures on the part of the British Government to prevent their recurrence; then again the friendliness of the people, the amiability of the officials, indica-

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tions of progress on all sides, till on a sudden came the thunderclap of 1900, with here and there in relief against the blackness of the following Typhoon the sympathetic and self-sacrificing kindliness of here an official, there a peasant, here a trembling, ignorant woman, there an educated man.

May those who read these pages gain at least some insight into the many redeeming qualities of that last survival from the Past of Nineveh and Babylon, of Alexandria and Pompeii—the Chinese nation of to-day.

ALICIA BEWICKE LITTLE.

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IN THE LAND OF THE BLUE GOWN

CHAPTER I

MY FIRST VISIT TO PEKING: BEFORE THE SIEGE

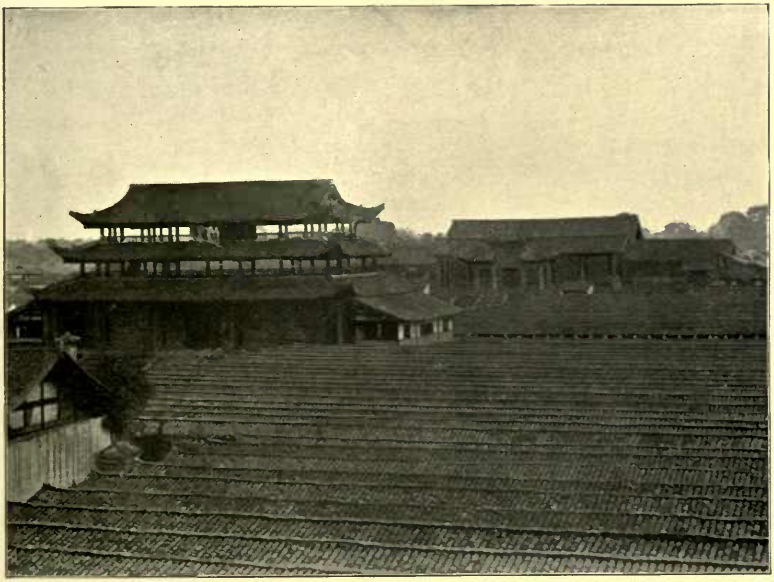
ON returning from Peking I still thought it the most wonderful place I had ever visited. On reaching Tientsin the first thing we saw was the then newly-arrived Thevenet steam engine and rails, and, though they were but baby ones, it seemed as if we had traversed centuries since three days before we rode stumblingly through the Peking gates. Steamers were shrilly whistling in Tientsin, men hammering, blue-jackets encouraging their donkeys and ponies along the Bund in true English style, and the fair White Ensign floating from a real, live, modern man-of-war lying off the Consulate door. Three days before long strings of two-humped tawny camels were the baggage waggons, and every whiff of air we breathed assured us we were in the pre-Sanitary Period, when not only sewers

had not begun troubling, but every other thing of the kind was unknown except that last modern development, the sewage farm, carried on just outside most of the gates of Peking—just *inside* Tung-chow—and so regardless of odour as to make one doubt whether riding into the country at Peking were quite as delightful as it is described.

Wearied of London, and perhaps somewhat overladen with the cant of the day, æsthetic, hygienic, and social-economic, I can imagine nothing more tonic for the sufferer than a sojourn in Peking, as it was. Even quinine is bitter in the taking. And what are not the after-effects of those yellow-tiled imperial pavilions, glittering in the sun, round about the marble bridge, and up the Mei-shan! Of the entrance pavilions—Ting-erh—deepest blue, bright green, bright vermilion, harmonised by golden dragons, imperially taking their ease, as also by an atmosphere whose transparency makes even a mud wall beautiful! The after-effects of finding women—women still, though for centuries wearing trousers and Lady Harberton's divided skirts! The after-effects of mingling with a people most democratic, and yet without one touch of Radicalism, always ready to make way for Acknowledged Merit in the person of a mandarin with



ENTRANCE TO IMPERIAL PALACE.



EXAMINATION HALLS OR SHEDS AT CHENGTU.

To face page 2.]

[*By Mr Davidson.*

eight bearers, and a crowd of retainers on horseback!

We came down the Peiho, drifting slowly with the current but against the wind, in company with an expectant Taotai and his following. For all the world he might have been the sickly scion of a noble race succeeding to inherited honours, as with leaden cheeks he smoked and smoked and looked at us, quite expressionless, never speaking a word. But we tried to remind ourselves here was Acknowledged Merit, waiting its reward. For had we not just seen the *outside* of the great Examination Hall at Peking—one mostly used to see the outsides of things then—as also the Hall of the Grand Triennial Examination, where men of China contested for the highest honours, the names of the successful being inscribed on imperishable, huge stone tablets for all after ages to see.

One of the most curious things in China is that this hall, even then still used for winning the highest honours by China's most distinguished men, had a much more neglected, discarded air than the remains of the dead and buried Roman age to be seen in Italy. There one goes into heathen temples, where for centuries no heathen rite has been performed, but looking much more as if it were going on still than the Chinese temples, where yet, till the siege, if not now,

magnificent rites were at least twice yearly performed. The Apollos and Jupiters I have seen have had a far fresher air of being venerated than the Chinese Buddhas and Goddesses of Mercy. Never up till then had I succeeded in seeing anywhere the smallest fragment of religious service.

It may be true that China is still Buddhist, or Confucian, or Taoist. But I believed it far less after a few months in China than before. For there was no evidence of it beyond the temples and the images, according to which Rome would be Pagan still. I remember lionising foreigners in London. We went to Westminster Abbey, and the service was not over yet. They were none of them Christians, and were greatly impressed by its solemnity, till at last one sprightly German lady visitor whispered, "Could it possibly be allowed to use my opera-glass to look at this beautiful building?" Who would hesitate to use an opera-glass in a Confucian temple? We went on to the House of Commons; they were at prayers there. We proceeded to the House of Lords, but were not allowed even to look in, for the Lords had not yet prayed, and till they did, according to the policeman, none must even look in. "And is this every day—every day?" asked a Swedish professor, solemnly.

"Then, whether it is from the heart or not from the heart, still I say your England is a wonderful country."

China struck me as far more wonderful in its neglect of ordinances. And how congenial such neglect is to the human heart, is abundantly shown by the way in which it grows upon the Europeans in China. Almost all my life I have lived what is called abroad, yet I never but once heard a lady say she had been to a picnic on Sunday, for instance, till I came to China. Here it seems to be the rule rather than the exception. "It is the men's one day for getting away," they urge. But this could be said with more force in smoky, foggy Liverpool or London. Where in all the civilised world will you find the European churches so little frequented as in China? I am often reminded of a Commissioner of Customs' remark: "The Chinese have done more to heathenise the English than the English with all their missions to Christianise them."

Looking at that huge caravanserai Peking, I wondered what the subtle influence was that even had conquered the conquering Manchus, for at first sight everything seemed so overpoweringly repulsive, so beyond all exaggeration disgusting, that one would have thought that its present state would rather serve as a horrible example.

Does the common saying: "The Chinese care for nothing but money, talk of nothing but money," explain it at all? So far I could not make out that it was anything else the Europeans wanted to get out of the Chinese. Even the very missionaries sent out to teach that "the love of money is the root of all evil" seemed in many cases to have caught the infection.

There are charming nursery gardens at Peking. They were full of flowers as we passed by. And everyone coming out had hands full of tuberoses. The Chien Men, the principal gate, was quite perfumed with rows of little ptosprum trees, all in full flower, waiting to be sold. As the Chinese seem to appreciate flowers solely for their perfume, and only like those of which the scent is very rich and luscious, it seems they must be so happily constituted as to have organs of smell capable only of conferring pleasure. For disagreeable odours they seem to make no effort to remove.

Seen from the walls, Peking looks rather like a park than a populous city, it is so full of trees, many of them very fine. There are rows of beautiful trees in front of some of the palaces, and nearly every house has at least one tree in its courtyard, the larger courtyards being full of them. Indeed, if Peking were what it might be, what perhaps it once was, I can fancy no city

grander. Its general plan is on such a magnificent scale. One appreciates this especially looking from the Bell Tower at the Drum Tower, and *vice versâ*, the perspective and proportions are so admirably arranged to enhance the effect of distance and give dignity to the details. So that a balcony on one of the towers, in itself not so very remarkable, from the way in which it is placed seemed the grandest balcony I had ever seen. Indeed the Mongols appear to have excelled in what the English are exceptionally deficient in; witness our Law Courts, and the chosen site for the new Imperial Institute, which is certainly not what Kublai Khan would ever have sanctioned. Probably there never was a city more grandly laid out than Peking: its skeleton is gigantic and magnificent. It is interesting extremely as a survival from that past of which we have so often read, when the great people lived in stately palaces, surrounded by every luxury—*not* comfort—and seldom cared to go out, or if they did, accompanied by trains of lictors or retainers to beat back the *common* people, whose very breath would be a pollution of their majesty. I can fancy some tenderer-hearted woman than the common, some larger-minded youth looking from his sedan, or peering out between the blinds of his springless cart with

a heart full of great pity for this *common people* with their mis-shapen bodies, and their skin diseases, sometimes but one miserable, patched garment scantily covering their nakedness, and yet repelled from all active effort to ameliorate their condition by its very horribleness and degradation. The Peking streets seemed full of rowdies, possibly the hangers-on of great men. They were evidently ready enough to brawl and be insolent. The pity of the pampered great would soon merge into disgust or apathy in the sheltered air of their great courtyards, as full of shade-giving trees as of sunshine. Every now and then a clean-faced, self-respecting, kindly-smiling Mongol woman went by in a cart, evidently full of amusement, half wondering at the city and its ways, just as we read of good, quiet souls feeling in the Middle Ages, as in every period of the world's history.

Whether Kublai Khan or any of his successors ever got his city clean, and what we should call properly kept up, no history tells us. But certainly the feeling we carried away from Peking was a deep regret that such a magnificent conception, such grand proportions, should have been allowed to be thus sullied. And returning to Tung-chow I could not help growing hot with indignant pity to see the foulness of its principal street, a mass

of ruts and loathsomeness, with heavily-laden carts struggling along it, like ships in a storm at sea, the gallant little ponies and sturdy mules doing their very best; the brown, brawny men stripped to their waists doing more than put their shoulders to the wheel. Fighting, struggling along year in year out, it is pitiable to think of human nature, ay and even brute nature, put to such base use—to drag a heavily-laden cart or wheelbarrow out of a rut which *should not exist.* No one more believes in the nobility of manual labour. But then it must be in manual labour properly applied, not wasted impotently. Let the road from Tung-chow be repaired! Then it would be beautiful to see the men and beasts doing their best, equally as now earning their daily bread in the sweat of their brows, but conferring a hundredfold more benefit on themselves and others in the doing so. I still see the scarred bodies of the men, the prematurely aged faces, their rough, rude manners. I have seen the sickly faces, the diseased heads and bad eyes of the children for whom the Sisters of St Vincent care. People say the Chinese poor do not suffer, but laugh and are light-hearted. People said just the same of the negro slaves. They also laughed. Which of us would have changed places with them, or would now with the poor Chinese

working man, handicapped as he is by so many artificial difficulties? Each day the case of the Chinese poor more heavily oppresses me. For it is not owing to climate, to soil, or to character. If the government would allow it, it would soon be worth someone's while to repair the roads, and keep them in order, and remove those innumerable other hindrances to intercourse, which must at once strike every European going to and coming from Peking.

I felt as if I had actually arrived at the Middle Ages when at Amalfi with its streets of stairs, quite narrow, and often quite dark, thus affording at every step an ambush for the lurking ruffian, and making it quite impossible for a noble maiden to walk unattended, or indeed to walk at all without sullying her white garments and pure soul. But Peking is on a grander scale, and belongs to a far more barbaric period. And then pervading all Peking was the mystery of the Palace, the forbidden City, that no European foot had ever trod, that the boy Emperor had never left. By all report the present Empress must be a woman of great energy of character, of indomitable will, who when she had set her mind to a thing had never yet failed to carry it through. Did she love power for its own sake? Did she wish to do good with it? Had she those loving thoughts

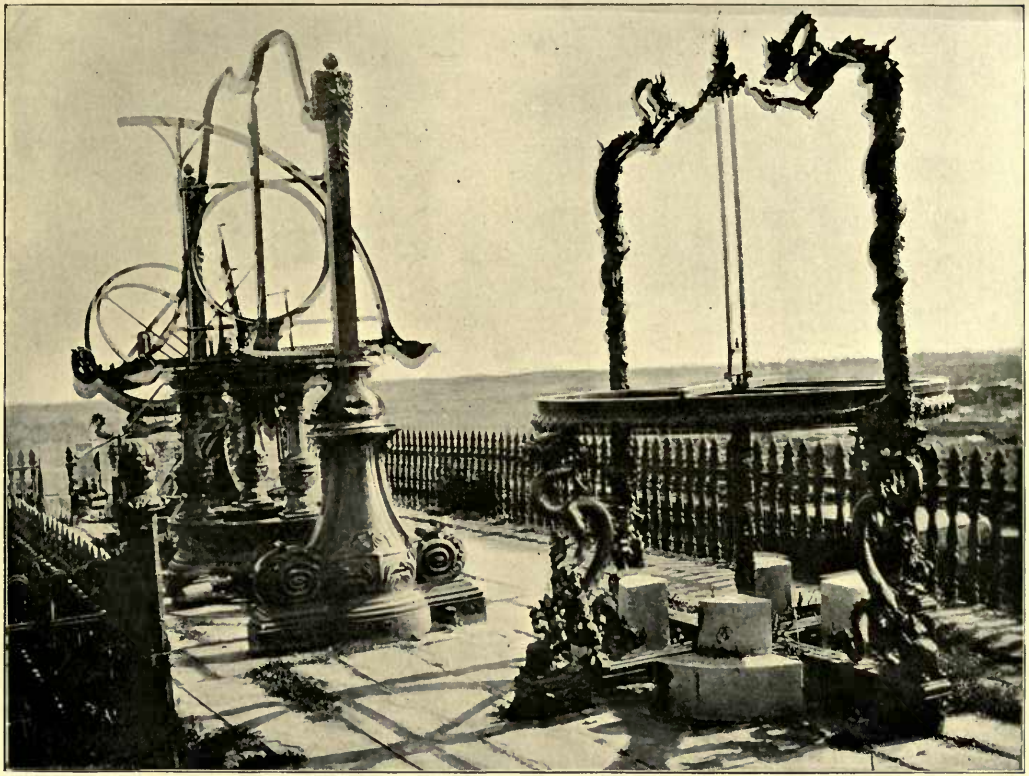
of dead husband and of mother that so distinguished our own Queen Victoria? She is a woman after all. Did she at times, as she sat behind the curtain, overhearing, but not speaking, while the young Emperor sat in state, his councillors kneeling low before him—did she feel shackled by the century-old conventionalities of China? Or did she, woman-like, believe in the established order of things, and, woman-like, dread revolution? It would seem not, if it were really true that she herself wanted to occupy the European house the Bishop Tagliabue and his Fathers had to vacate because its tower overlooked the Palace garden. She had especially asked that Père Armand David's valuable collection of the birds of China might be left to her intact, as also the organ in the cathedral. Rumour said she intended to make an audience hall of this latter, and to receive foreigners there. If that were so, if foreigners were to be received by the Empress, and railway trains were, as I then heard, very shortly to conduct them almost to the gates of Peking, then this vast survival would soon be a thing of the past, and Peking become more like other cities.

Would it gain in doing so? Sadly I remembered the housekeeper at Buckingham Palace saying to me, "The Shah of Persia was quite

like a gentleman, lay in bed on Sunday, and all." And the ladies of the hareem in various countries seem generally to signify their becoming European by witnessing a ballet, probably, as now conducted, quite as much a survival from the past as the city of Peking itself.

But how hard it is to look on anything with quite unprejudiced eyes! As my heart grew hot within me looking at the mass of struggling men and beasts frantically trying to get their carts and wheelbarrows along the stone road—that great Ming masterpiece, leading from Tung-chow to Peking, but alas! now worse than no road at all, so that everyone, who can, gets off it on to any waste piece of land by the side; and as I grew still hotter, thinking what the scene must be in the blinding heat and dust of summer, or in the slush and frosts of winter, I wondered how our waste of all our sewage to pollute our streams and seas strikes a Chinese. And what he thinks of our apparent indifference to the deterioration of property—not to say of human life—and hindrance to trade and locomotion caused by the London fogs, quite as remediable, probably, as the ruts in the Tung-chow road.

Each nation gets accustomed to its own shortcomings, and has wide-open eyes for its neighbours'.



A GRAND PERSPECTIVE!

These magnificent bronze instruments, the quadrant 15 feet in height, stand no longer on the walls of Peking, for centuries their observatory. Transported to some museum of Germany, how much of their dignity and grace will be lost for ever!

[*To face page* 12.

CHAPTER II

AUGUST IN CHEFOO

NOTHING is more striking in China than the weary, worn looks of the women—the European, I mean. Why they should fade, whilst English men with rosy cheeks bloom in perennial youth, so that I not uncommonly take men of thirty-five for boys of twenty-two, has exercised my mind ever since I first caught sight of the European community on the Shanghai race-course. Now coming to Chefoo has, I think, at last explained it. English ladies in China live tightly girt, and *gant-de-Suéded*, just as if they were going to drive out in a carriage and take a turn in Hyde Park with the thermometer in the sixties. Now, as for months together here the thermometer seems to be in the nineties, this simply means that for months together the ladies here take next to no exercise, and in some cases none. No small proportion of them neither play lawn tennis nor ride. Meanwhile the men are walking, rowing, bathing, shooting, playing cricket, tennis, etc., etc., and hence, I imagine, the rosy

cheeks of the one and the pale weariness of the others. With a vivid recollection of bathing places in the north of France, where Parisian *élégantes* recoup themselves for the fatigue of previous toilettes by wandering about all day in the loosest and plainest and most convenient of sacques, or, in more primitive bathing places untouched by breath of English propriety and proportionally dear to the Parisian, in a bathing dress and shawl and parasol; with a vivid recollection of these French bathing places, I fully expected that cosmopolitan China would strike a middle course between these airy garments and those of the English seaside place, which, with its brown holland or serge, looks alike prepared for a ten-mile walk across country, or a scramble on the rocks. But no! I have seen no one on the rocks yet, I have seen no one walking, nor even sitting on the sand by the seashore. And the explanation is not far to seek. Their dresses are tight-fitting, their shoes are thin, their heels are high, and in this hothouse air surcharged with moisture the least movement must produce consequences disastrous to their new gloves. Thus cheeks are pale and expressions sad, as they are carried to and fro in sedan chairs, or have those sedans placed by the seashore, where, still sitting bolt upright as in Hyde Park, they can continue the

gossip interrupted in Shanghai. In itself Chefoo is well enough, the air is fresh in spite of the heat, the sea is as blue as heart could wish. What with the stars and the wonderfully bright summer moon the nights are only too brilliantly lighted without electricity, and though the country a little recalls that described by Southey in the "Curse of Kehama," there being barely a tree or a green leaf to be seen anywhere, yet the wonderfully varied indentations of the bay and the serrated outline of the range of hills, that shut it in to the west, place Chefoo high, very high for picturesqueness, if compared with Blankenbergh or Scheveningen, and bring it into the same category with Holyhead or Etrêtat.

It reminds me a good deal of Holyhead, indeed, when one crosses over to Tse Fu T'ou, the real Chefoo, at the other side of the harbour, and climbing one of the hills there sits looking out seaward, with Corea and Japan taking the place of much troubled Ireland as the only land between that bare hillside and the vast continent of the Americas. Holyhead has the same blue sea, and is possibly about the same height out of the water as one of these hills, but it certainly more vividly recalls the wintry storms that have raged against it, and in so far is grander. On the other hand it does not look out upon the enchanting panorama

of fairy blue mountains to the south, that look as if they had stepped out of Arabia Petræa, and never a drop of rain fallen upon them since the creation of man. And it certainly has not got the stone masons of the real Chefoo, the village of Tse Fu, nor of the town and watering-place that have usurped the name, and are popularly known amongst Europeans as Chefoo. Chefoo's speciality is walls, walls of irregularly-hewn blocks of stone adroitly fitted together, cemented with raw mortar and eminently fitted to resist a siege. The meanest house, and there are in reality no mean houses in the neighbourhood, has a wall that a fortress in any other country might envy. And everything seems finished off thoroughly well, and with the greatest care, and excellent taste, the windows, the doors, the roofs, the sides of the inner courtyards painted in panels black and white, with sometimes an additional black and white design, simple but elegant.

The European colony has done its part bravely; it has got a cool, airy, solid-looking club, which with the greatest liberality is thrown open to ladies in the morning hours. There are a lawn tennis club, and churches and chapels to suit most varieties of thought. What the Europeans of Chefoo can do for their visitors has been done and done well. They have even got the

Taotai to forbid the bathing of Chinese—undraped—before the European hotels. But, on the other hand, no one fresh from Europe can fail to be struck by a certain absence of life due to the want of initiative on the part of the Chinese. Not even to make money out of us do they put themselves out to welcome us. No pretty sailing boats with gaudy flags tempt you for filthy lucre. No woman offers chairs for cash upon the sands. No girls with flowers perfume the air. No ponies, not even the well-beloved donkeys with red trappings, stand for hire at the corners of the streets. No sedan chairs ply for hire. Even the old familiar but most unbeloved seaside music is missed from the sands of Chefoo.

The thermometer soon rose to ninety-two in the house, and the north-east breeze, which was so refreshing when we arrived, changed into a south-west wind, which yet brought not the long-wished-for rain, the sun still shining out of a molten sky upon the evidences of drought all round.

Thus, in spite of rocky islands, so called Bois de Boulogne, Bamboo Temple, and Lighthouse all to visit, in spite of the bathing, and sailing and riding, I missed a little the lively hucksters of European sands, the various and novel and decidedly somewhat exciting *negligée* costumes of the Continent of Europe. Friends in England

wonder I do not find China more amusing. So do I. But countries differ. And much though I love England I doubt its being at all an amusing country for a foreigner to travel in. Anyway I did not even find Chefoo amusing, although it was then China's one sea bath, and it was the height of the Chefoo season before we came away. The summer heat was then a thing of the past, although the bright settled autumn weather with its steady wind, by which you can sail outwards every morning and count on sailing homewards every evening in time for dinner, had not asserted itself. For we still had occasional rainstorms, and one day "drizzling drearily" just as it might at home. Yet there was nothing to complain of in the weather. It was cool and pleasant, yet not chilly; you could be out all day, and yet you could sit out even in the evening with impunity. At the same time I was getting a little tired of the *mise-en-scène*. The modern stage has demoralised us into expecting a constant *change de décors*, and so though the view from our verandah was quite eye-satisfying—for what can one want more than to look across a Chinese artistic railing, between artistic Chinese reed blinds, on to a sea bluer than blue, finished off opposite with islands and light-house, finished off to the left by the out-jutting hill with its bungalows and outcropping rocks, with at

low water delicious green reflections in the sea below? yet one sighed for some variety. Sometimes a procession of Roman Catholic Sisters, with bloodless, but radiant faces, ash-white veils hanging backwards, ash-white garments sweeping to the ground, looking at a little distance like corpses in their grave clothes, stood upon the rocks or passed along the sands. Every night the lighthouse lighted up, every morning the sun rose out of the sea. I could see it as I lay in bed if I liked, but I longed for a change of scene instead of just those light effects, which we have seen upon the stage so often to the sound of soft music, heralding the advent of the villain or the heroine all in white and with dishevelled hair.

At Chefoo it seemed impossible to change the scene. Tramp, tramp along the sands, always the islands, *the* hill, the blue, blue sea, and the lighthouse, lighted up at the same hour. Even if one climbed those arid mountain sides, without ever a blade of grass waving over their proud dryness, it would be still the same. I had been to the top of the highest hill on the Tse Fu side. It was just after sunset, and the scene was wonderfully animated; great big insects, a cross between a cockroach and a spider, made the paths lively; praying mantises, or their first cousins, the Chinese call them wrestlers, knelt piously, all in green; innumerable

dragon flies with large gauzy but colourless wings darted on their prey, whilst the swifts in their frantic excitement after food fanned my cheeks with the air made by their wings. I longed to stop there, it was so lively. But the dire necessity for dining drove me back to our silent sands, lonelier than ever, now the cessation of the great heat permitted people to make picnics and generally go about.

There were four missionary establishments in Chefoo. How far they all served the purpose for which they were intended of converting the Chinese, I had no possible means of knowing. But I could not help noticing what other excellent work they were doing alongside of their central object. Dr Nevius of the American Mission had introduced a kind of pear for which every September visitor to Chefoo ought to thank him, so juicy and delicious in flavour is it as it melts in the mouth. Chinese have got grafts, and offer pears from them for sale in the market, and the comparatively high price they so far command may probably lead to the conversion of a good many more Chinese as far as pear growing goes. They do not seem yet to have taken so kindly to the varieties of grapes the same good doctor had introduced, and which decidedly beat the grapes of Madeira, even in its palmiest days, as well as

the grapes of Méran, and were simply the sweetest and most luscious I had ever tasted. It was Roman Catholic missionaries who introduced the potato into China. It is to missionaries we almost always have to turn for information about the languages and customs of little-known peoples. Even where their direct efforts to change the hearts and ways of life of those they go amongst do not succeed, it would be impossible to over-estimate the indirect results produced by a body of men and women on the whole so energetic and devoted. I saw but little of missionaries in Chefoo, and probably that is why I learnt so little about the province of Shantung, which is the classic ground of China, and one of its oldest provinces. Its rocks are of that primeval Laurentian, which crops up at the Malvern Beacon and then is not found again, till it forms the shores of the St Lawrence. It is seen again at Chefoo. Little garnets are to be found among its sparkling mica schist, and very lovely are its white marble, and pink limestone.

We of the settlement hardly got beyond walking round the hill, or wandering on the yellow sands looking at the sea. It required so much energy for us to set off towards those cragged hills that shut us in, for, unless we guided our steps very adroitly, we were sure to find ourselves

entangled among dirtiest Chinese houses with gutters by the side of the street, that on a small scale emulate those of Peking for filth and odour. The Chinese town is not large, but it is straggling, and it has smells all China's own, such as one does not care to encounter the last thing coming in hungry for dinner. With its polypus arms it enfolded us, till for want of roads we lamented "I can't get out" like the starling of song celebrity. If Chefoo had only a different background, what a delightful seaside resort it would be! As it was it reminded me of that cat of which Alice said: "I have often seen a cat without a grin, but never a grin without a cat before." It has a coast outline, three hotels, excellent bathing, and—*nothing more!*

CHAPTER IV

ON THE WALLS OF SHANGHAI CITY

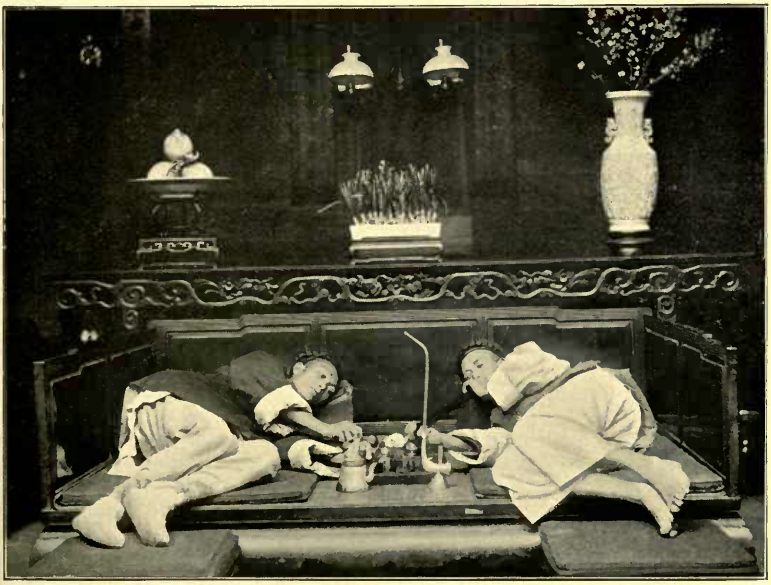
THE tide is coming in fast and the north-east breeze is fresh. It is hardly possible to write for looking at the junks passing so fast up stream by the windows—each with five sails on five different masts. Here comes one with sails of ruddy brown, like a ripe chestnut in the sun. Here comes a steamer with a European flag: an ocean tramp! Many a weary mile has she coasted to get her freight, which she carries at charges that may or may not pay. Yet seen from this distance she looks swift and jaunty in among the heavy junks. The sun shines, the fresh breeze blows invitingly; it is hard to resist the temptation to take hat and gloves and go out. But pass on, brown sails! Pass on, red sails! I will not look at you. Yet—surely that is the smoke of a steamer in the far reach. Can it be—is it? It is! The home mail! But the two guns have not yet sent a thrill through all the Shanghai colony of Europeans: telling one of home and mother, home and child, home and

wife; telling another of teas sold at a loss of 3d. in the pound, or silk not on demand. Even when the guns have sounded, the letters—the pleasant, chatty, hand-and-heart-pressing home letters—cannot be delivered that very minute. There is still time to describe my last walk round the walls of that little-known city the Shanghai Chinatown. Hitherto our walks have chiefly been confined to the grass-plats of the Bund, with its motley crowd, watching the boats go by. There goes another, distinctly recalling the old Venetian galleys in Tintoretto's pictures, and there swiftly rides up stream an old Viking barge. "Freighted with Curses!" I see it so called, and hung on the walls of the Academy. This with the eyes of the imagination, of course. In reality it is an honest Chinese junk returning lightly laden.

The European colony of Shanghai rarely stirs beyond the foreign settlement; men who have been twenty years in China and do not speak a word of the language, as they boast, have never set foot in the Chinatown, which they verily believe to be the dirtiest in China. But it takes a great deal to be that. Anyhow, round its walls you get a five-mile walk—a short five miles probably—all flat, and with fresh country air as you pass to the country side of the city.



CHINESE JUNK. [*By Mr R. Beauchamp.*



OPIUM SMOKERS. Note elegant accessories.

To face page 24.] [*By Mr Mencarini.*

On the other you have the advantage of taking quiet peeps into Chinese interiors and Chinese street-life by turns, unjostled and at your ease. It is pleasant to watch a family of carpenters at work; the eldest boy, whenever the glue-pot requires warming, refreshing with bellows the fire burning on the floor in the midst of the shavings, the younger children playing about and admiring, and thinking they too will be carpenters some day. A little girl holds up to us an extremely fine baby she is nursing. "Would not you like to have him?" she asks. "Yes, throw him up," we reply. Then they all laugh delighted, the little nurse herself almost overcome, what with laughter and the very big baby. In this room we see them washing the floor—we feel glad they do that sometimes—cooking, working, enjoying—that ideal of the Chinaman—"elegant leisure." A few steps further on we look down upon a street just by an entrance gate. It is pleasant to watch the crowd in the narrow street, from so near yet from above, completely at our ease. Here is the entrance to a yamen; the great man is evidently about to sally forth. Several little boys have been impressed into his service as pursuivants or outrunners. They are delighting in bright scarlet coats thrown over their dirty rags, in their conical, old-world

caps, somewhat distantly related to college caps, yet with something of the jester's bells about them also. But what they are especially delighting in just now is the long tail-feathers of the Reeves pheasant: not quite two yards long, but getting on for it. These they are brandishing about before sticking them in their caps to walk in procession. In one part of the walls the path has been encroached upon, not as so often in China for a rope-walk, but for a silk-walk. A boy with two small shuttles seizes hold of the light weight attached at one end of the silken cord, and with a few dexterous turns sets the whole cord, composed of several fibres, spinning. Then the next, then the next; and so on till five silken threads are being spun by hand without the aid of machinery. At the other end there are weights hanging to keep them taut. But the other end is a long way off; and as we walk along it is hard to avoid brushing against the prettily-coloured silken threads. Here is a man winding them into skeins. He enters into conversation. It seems the soldiers make an honest penny by letting off some parts of the walls for silk-winding. They also let off the guard-houses!

The general effect, looking down upon the city, presents one comical feature. Everyone,

who can, has a tree, and some of the trees are fine. The Chinese differ from the English in that they devastate the country of trees, but carefully preserve them in their cities. We, on the other hand, have sadly treeless towns. But the comicality of the view lies in the fact that each of these Chinese trees serves a purpose; for on each, high aloft, is a bird-cage. The houses that do not run to a tree have a tall bamboo, and tie on to it a bough or two—to make believe for the bird doubtless. Each of these cages can be run up and down with ease like a flag by their haulyards; and we met several of them being carried along, that their inmates might enjoy the air upon the walls. The latter evidently appreciated the attention, for they were singing to their heart's content. They were for the most part a kind of thrush, *Hoa-mei*, or Flowery Eyebrows. Evidently the one great joy of a Chinaman's life, the creature, with whose joys and sorrows he sympathises, is a song-bird. Chinamen love chrysanthemums, the hoar-frost-resisting flowers as they call them; but their pets and their companions are birds. We passed by a woman gathering a sort of tiny yellow chrysanthemum, growing wild upon the walls, with which to dress combs to decorate women's hair. Sometimes they have a stiffer

arrangement in green berries. Everyone we met seemed as usual very chattily inclined; but some begged, and a few silly children called us by the Shanghai name for foreigner, a corruption of the Portuguese "ladrãos"—*i.e.*, robbers. We had not time to explore a picturesque temple nestled into a very quiet, remote corner of the walls. The sun was already sinking fast—a golden red ball—casting long, purple shadows over the surrounding plain; and so we hurried homewards, though much wishing to make the acquaintance of a little colony on an island in the Chinatown—an island only cut off from the rest of the world by open sewers or streams of filth, but built upon with such exquisite neatness that one longed to know who the people were. They had made a very tidy bridge for themselves with a cane fence across it, in that a cane door, and behind again another screen. Fences, walls, gates, and all were tidiness itself; and walking across the bridge were two Chinamen in sombre garments, pig-tailed pictures of propriety. But the mail! Now let us forget China and be in England once again, each in familiar intercourse with his or her own people!

CHAPTER IV

INSIDE SHANGHAI CITY

THE first thoroughly pleasant afternoon I ever spent in Shanghai was when, without a card-case—Shanghai is the city of many calls—a little company in rickshas, we careered along the Bund, always a most animated scene with its very motley crowd of long pigtailed, short velvet-coated, blue-gowned Chinamen; Sikh policemen of magnificent proportions, grimly bronzed faces and turbans of startling scarlet, as also of startling height; and, mingled amongst them, coolies crooning, "Eh—ah! Eh—ah!" as they carried packages suspended from bamboos; Parsees with their curious high, cylindrical hats; Jews of many nationalities but one type, Portuguese, French, English, etc. etc.; a few blue-jackets encouraging their ricksha men, as if they were donkeys, by good-naturedly ineffective blows; one or two bound-foot Chinese women looking on amused, and a wedding procession, mostly scarlet, threading its way deftly in and out among the "Barbarians." Suddenly we caught sight of men carrying baskets full—but full to overflowing—of brilliant purple

and green Muscovy ducks, all craning their necks to look about them, and flashing in the sunshine. At once our spirits rose, we nodded admiration to one another, turned down a long, narrow street past the old French Consulate, and opposite to it, right opposite to it, apparently under the special protection of France, we saw the great opium den that has ruined more Chinamen than any one given place in China. We turned another corner, sprang out of our rickshas, and proceeded to that little visited, almost unknown city, the Chinese town of Shanghai.

But not so quickly! easier said than done. Jinrickshas—that delightful missionary invention, originally called Jen-li-che or man-power carriage, but quickly corrupted into Jen-ri-che by Japanese, who hear no difference between r's and l's—jinrickshas can run no longer through the narrow, crowded Chinese streets, but there are a whole array of wheelbarrows waiting to be hired. The street is narrow, the turns are sharp, and one wheelbarrow man is determined we shall at least hire him. He wheels against us here, he wheels against us there, he blocks the way, he is in front and behind us all at once. And all the while so good-humoured and silent, it is impossible to be otherwise than good-humoured and silent also. But at last we get through the wheelbarrow men,



WHEELBARROW WAITING TO BE HIRED.



PRISONERS WITH CANGUES.

[*To face page* 30.

also through the city gates, which are by no means imposing, and pass the poor men sitting with cangues round their necks. This is the first time I have seen this punishment, but there seems to be plenty of it in the Shanghai Chinatown. Are the policemen cleverer to catch thieves there than at Hankow or Peking? Are the people wickeder, or are the temptations greater? Anyhow, there are the poor wretches with large cangues, preventing them from lying down, or even leaning back, unable to take them off day or night, or even feed themselves, and looking wretchedly sick and hungry, as they hold out suppliant hands, and point at their mouths waiting to be fed. But the vehement Neapolitan makes a gesture far more expressive of famine abandonment than these Chinese prisoners. The Chinese always convey the impression of having very little to express from their poverty of modes of expression. No flashing eyes, that speak for themselves, no working features, articulate without a sound, no dramatic gestures easy to read a mile off, and finally a language almost inarticulate when spoken. Did they wish much to say anything their whole physique must have altered long ago. But they were born, one would say, to be hewers of wood and drawers of water, and to endure many things patiently.

Shanghai Chinatown enjoys the reputation of being very dirty and disgusting, but that sunshiny afternoon we did not find it so, though we wondered a little at the dirt as we passed down one street of Chinese houses crowded picturesquely on to a narrow creek, the tops of the houses, wooden sheds apparently, each with a *shai-t'ai* on the roof, or, as I should call it, an Italian *loggia*. But here the little roof balcony or summer house is not built for pleasure to enjoy the sun and *il dolce giuoco degli occhi*, as the Italians say, but to hang out clothes to dry. The tide was high, so there was little smell, but the water between us and the houses looked foul and sluggish, like a canal rather than a river, and a canal badly used, with everything flung into it. It is all these poor people have for washing, cooking, drinking. And yet just at hand there is the foreign Concession with its abundant supply of wholesome, pure water, and an enterprising company doubtless thirsting to prolong its mains into the Chinatown whenever the Taotai will allow of it. Meanwhile the poor people die of cholera, and who can wonder, looking at that water, which must also be far more objectionable when the tide is out. Across the creek each house had its own independent, narrow, rail-less bridge turned edgeways, with nails projecting

upwards from the upturned edge, so as to prevent even a cat getting across, when the cottage wants to receive no visitors; but difficult for imaginative and consequently giddy Europeans to walk over, even when laid flat to invite intercourse.

The great thing to visit in Shanghai is the tea gardens with a certain far-off resemblance to the picture on the famous willow-pattern plate. Here is water, with quaint, devious bridges, starting first one way, then another, and here are pavilions and rockwork. When it was all made, one cannot help thinking the water must have been cleaner, and that there must then have been a few plants among the rockwork instead of as now stagnant pools and filth. But the arrangement is really very pretty. As usual people say vaguely "The Rebels," when one wonders why, like everything else Chinese, it is in decadence and uncared for. But the rebels were such a long time ago I cannot help thinking, if Shanghai city cared to furbish up its tea garden, it could have done so in nearly half a century, and I begin to wonder if it is not owing to the increasing use of opium rather than to the rebels, that one finds things so untidy and neglected as in England one finds them only in a drunken woman's household. After all, it is only quite of late years the Chinese have smoked opium ex-

tensively. And the first generation of opium smokers were possibly smokers in moderation. Anyway their constitutions were not soaked with it, as those of their grandchildren and great-grandchildren must be. Dipsomania is a modern development in England, where gin drinking is of comparatively recent date, as also tobacco smoking as other than a luxury. Science has not yet even attempted to work out how far national characters and constitutions are determined by their food and affected by a change of diet. And if it is opium that has made the Chinese grow so careless, there may be other developments going on in England, which we do not notice, because we are used to things as they now are. But certainly nothing has ever made me feel more anxious about the future of England than the dilapidated coquetries of that Shanghai tea garden; for, bad though trade was then, the Shanghai Chinatown must be far wealthier than it was when that garden was made.

We sat down in one of the pavilions, and had most excellent tea, accompanied by sunflower seeds and pea nuts, both sold to us by itinerant vendors, evidently the ruined victims of opium. Sunflower seeds are like shrimps, very pretty eating when you arrive at it, but it is a question whether the amount of the delicacy obtained is in

proportion to the trouble. An opium smoker came and offered us a bird for sale. His bird had learnt a very pretty trick of catching seeds, as he threw them into the air. It sat, as is usual with Chinese birds in captivity, on a cunningly-crooked stick, and had a silken thread around its throat. Outside amongst the slanting bridges and water there was a regular bird market going on. A man threw his bird into the air. It fluttered, and flew back. Again and again he threw it; sometimes it would perch for a few moments on the curved gable of the tea garden pavilion, but always only to fly down to him again, a crowd standing by to watch. There was a glorious, golden pheasant for sale cooped up in a wretched little cage. But otherwise the birds were very dull in colouring after those at Tientsin and Peking.

There was a great Fair going on in Peking whilst we were there, and the hooded hawks tempted me more than anything. We saw the greatest beauty, for which three taels, about twelve shillings, were asked. But our man was against our buying it, saying if we could train it and take it out it would be all right, but if we shut it up, or kept it confined, "hawks had no conscience." Trained hawks cost forty or fifty taels. This one was young, newly caught.

There were numbers of dear little birds with red golden throats. I hear that a good one will fetch five hundred dollars, that is, a well-trained one. There is a bird the Pekinese teach to catch little balls; it is said to be able to go after three at once and bring them back, if you throw them up in the air. I saw also the most magnificent black bird, a Mongolian crow, I think it was, very big and fat, with a beautiful glossy blue-black plumage. The crow is called the grave of the Mongols, though whether their dead bodies are strapped on to wild horses, which are then let loose, as I was told, I really do not know. Any more than I know whether it is true, as some member of the French Legation, who recently went home through Siberia, writes word, that the tarantasses there are drawn by numbers of horses, generally ridden by women, the women wearing the harness, not the horses. It may be true, but if so it seems odd not to have heard of it before.

But to return to Shanghai. We passed by a stall with artificial teeth, covered with announcements how every tooth pain could be at once cured, and paused for some time by an itinerant vendor of quack medicines. He had wonderful things upon his stall, a tiger's heart, a tiger's teeth, a little monstrosity of a fat baby, made in

three parts, head, body, limbs united, no anatomy of any kind indicated, but probably used by his patients to point out where their babies were affected. He was closing for the night, so we could not hear his patter. Hard by there were pretty little China cups as usual lying in the dust for sale, the fanciful Chinese pen rests, a hawthorn twig, green, with four white flowers, a white and green bird nestling among them, and offering on its back several nice ledges for Indian ink-brushes to rest and dry.

Before that we had gone into the silk shops and bought skeins of every lovely hue; examined Chinamen's pockets—possibly useful for travelling letter-cases—also their shagreen spectacle cases. We had seen the pretty little musical instruments made of crocodile skin, highly ornamental to hang upon a boudoir wall, if not very harmonious, with their two strings between which the bow is fixed. Chinese tailors' scissors, one handle ending in an elongated curve, proved quite irresistible. We had to invest in them, thinking how many weary finger aches might be saved to English cutters-out if they once became usual in England. Nor was it easy to resist gambling for sweets in the streets and bestowing those gained upon the very smart little girls, who were standing round looking and longing, combs of yellow immortelles, or

tiny yellow daisies framing the backs of their well-plastered heads, and giving them a most elegant appearance. We failed to get tongue-scrapers, though they were duly advertised for sale over more than one shop we passed by, and we put off till another day examining the convenience of Chinese irons, lately brought out as a patented new invention in America, as balanced rudders have been with us. For if "they didn't know everything down in Judee," it really seems almost impossible to hit upon any convenience of life, which they did not know in the good old days in China, where they long ago discovered how to make divided skirts, such as Lady Harberton has so far failed even in copying, and where they know how to make great-coats with sleeves so cut, that you can put both arms in at once without any laborious pushing or hauling, such as makes an Englishman shrink from getting into, or being in from getting out of, his outer garment. When I left England the last new society, its prospectus not printed yet, was that of the Ladies or Dames of the Thimble, to supply women menders, and find them mending to do. You may see these menders in Chinese towns, tidy women, going about in couples with their little stools, or sitting outside cottage doors mending the family linen. It is a thing of old

custom here. Americans often say if the English ever do beat in the great international yacht race, it will yet be America's triumph, for it must be with a centreboard boat, and America invented centreboards. Not so, America! Honest John Chinaman had been sailing about in centreboard boats for generations before ever you thought of them.

Exceedingly tired physically, but mentally refreshed, we came back to electric light, and carriages, callers, and Caledonians.

CHAPTER V

INTO THE CHINESE COUNTRY

AN expedition up the river is one of the pleasures of Shanghai life. People's faces brighten as they talk of "going to the hills." And there being no roads, the only way of really getting into the country is either to take a house-boat, and wind in and out of the various creeks, or with a yacht drop down to Woosung, or sail up the Huang Pu. We did the latter one winter's day, and the expedition left me rather meditative. Just as in the north I decided the graves were the only liveable-in places, being the only spots sheltered from sun and wind by trees, so here I found the graves were the only things, that made any variety in the landscape of flat alluvial plain, all cultivated, with every here and there a grave mound! It suggested irresistibly that the lives of those around were all flat, full of labour, varied but by deaths, and those not tragic, nor even specially interesting.

We sailed on and on, beating against the wind as A. said no yacht in England could, only

a Shanghai yacht with its ingenious adaptation of the Chinese rig. We passed Ming Hong with its picturesque *Lekin* (Inland Taxes) and Life Saving Station, its pretty pavilion-topped gateway, and Bund, all facing south along the river side. No other boats ventured against the strong north-west blow, and the river felt lonely as we neared the Pagoda of Ta Kong. It seemed a pity not to land and look at something.

So we landed! Fields without hedges and without trees, fields of rice recently cut down, and consequently with their mud all dry! The walking was good enough, which it would not have been at any other time of year, and the fields being quite dry did not smell. Every now and then we crossed a creek by a bridge of a single plank, or, worse still, of two quite narrow planks not in any way joined together, only placed alongside, so that one could if one liked put one foot on each, and walk across, each plank vibrating differently. Every now and then we came across cosy-looking homesteads with curved roofs and projecting eaves, looking very picturesque against the evening sky, and actually with a few trees round them, also great comfort-promising stacks of rice straw. But we knew only too well that, as we got near each, the smells must make us wish we had not. Finally

a village somewhat especially odoriferous, as if its whole business were to provide fertilisers for the surrounding country! And at the back of it with no particular approach of any kind the Pagoda! It was locked up and ruinous. When someone put a ladder on to the roof, and climbed up, and unlocked one of the doors from the inside, I was sorry, for it seemed a duty then to go up and look at the view of the plain *and the hills*, and yet it hardly looked safe. Clearly it would not do to lean against the railings round the balconies of the Pagoda. They were crumbling away. I thought then it would be curious to know when that Pagoda was built, and why it had never been repaired if it were worth while to build it. But now I know it never is considered worth while to repair anything in China. A public benefactor builds a bridge and has his name inscribed on a stone tablet forming part of it. But you cannot have your name immortalised for simply year by year replacing a damaged brick or two. We climbed three of the seven storeys, thereby procuring a great deal of excitement for me. For with boots with heels, and petticoats, one shrinks from going down a ladder backwards, and getting off it on to another ladder starting in a directly opposite direction. Otherwise there was not much gained by going

up. We certainly saw the hills, and we certainly saw the plain. The hills looked a little bigger than the grave mounds, and one satisfactorily ascertained for one's self that otherwise the plain was all the same, as far as one could see. The people of the village all congregated below the Pagoda, and stared at us when we came down. They looked very poor and ignorant. I do not know what we looked to them. But I certainly did observe that with the exception of one boy they all had the good sense not to ascend their own Pagoda.

We dropped down stream in the moonlight, and next morning early landed at Ming Hong. Again flat alluvial plain only varied by grave mounds! But here the river has raised the surrounding country sufficiently for cotton, not rice, to be grown, and great is the difference in the appearance of the people. Far the best-looking Chinamen I had yet seen thronged the streets of Ming Hong. And they appeared thriving and prosperous. There is a temple near to the town, that almost looks as if someone sometimes went and prayed in it. When you go into the inner temple there is a grave and rather beautiful Goddess of Mercy over the high altar, looking like a Russian Madonna. The roof is fine inside as well as out with great big beams and dragons,

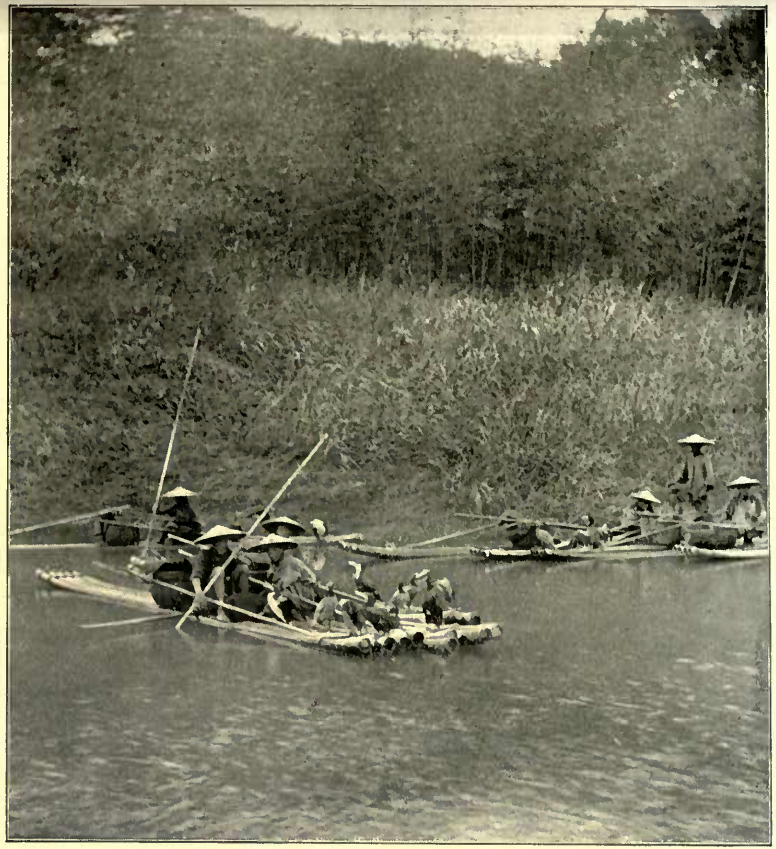
But the entrance temple, or Ting-ehr, was very comical. For there sat a gilded Buddha apparently in supreme enjoyment of the good things of this life, and on either side of him four gigantic idols, who had all had their legs either broken away, or worn away, and who had in other ways suffered change at the hands of time. At what should have been their feet sat a poor beggar begging lamentably with legs horribly swollen, and covered with sores which he was very anxious to exhibit. But it seemed pleasanter for all parties to give something than to look!

We walked along a path, where, marvellous for China, two people could walk abreast, and crossing a variety of creeks in a variety of ways came upon the ruins of a camp, finally arriving at two tall chimneys, a landmark in the scene. Our puzzle was what fuel they could possibly find to burn inside those tall chimneys. It turned out to be rice husks. A man sat on the ground and with one hand worked a bellows, thus making forced draught, while with the other he threw on a tiny handful of rice husks, not enough to choke the bright flame roused by the draught. Another man weighed out crushed cotton seeds into a little basket, emptied them into a vessel on the fire till it just boiled, then emptied them again into another vessel—if you can call it such—a frame of



THE LAUGHING BUDDHA.

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FISHING WITH CORMORANTS FROM BAMBOO RAFTS AMONG BAMBOO GROVES.

[*By Mr Mencarini.*

split bamboo twisted, kneaded it all hot as it was with his feet, and then piled it up ready to be pressed, always with a bit of basket work weighting down the top. We waited to see the cakes pressed. They were like cheeses, each with their twisted bamboo rings round them. When as many as could be were fitted into a trough, then by putting in wedges the bulk was reduced to rather less than half what it at first appeared, during which time a constant stream of oil was flowing from the trough. A man hammered the wedges, towards the end using a stone hammer so heavy I could only just lift it. It was rather amusing to see the politeness of these men. One of them wanted to smoke, but before doing so he offered his pipe both to my husband and to myself quite with the air of expecting his offer to be accepted, I had on an ulster, and they all admired the material of it very much, saying each in turn they were quite sure it was *pi chi*, long ells! There were buffaloes crushing the cotton seeds, walking round and round with basket-work blinkers over their poor eyes. Curiously enough the heavy millstones they wheeled round, all of hardest granite as they were, yet were decorated with carvings. One had the key pattern, also characters very carefully carved to the effect that it was the Fairy Carriage and the Dragon's Wheel.

It seemed strange to come upon this touch of æstheticism in this very homely sort of factory, whose whole plant must have cost so very little, and which was in consequence, though so well adapted for its purpose, yet so simple that it might well serve as an illustration of an elementary primer in mechanics. Indeed this factory at home and in the fresh air was the very ideal Ruskin writes about, that the Village Industries Society at home has lately been formed to realise, if yet it may be in England. It has been realised broadcast in China, and yet they are not happy!

We went back through a long, crowded, flourishing street. At one open doorway there were young priests sitting inside chanting. They had musical instruments and gongs. A man behind a table was very busy stamping envelopes such as Chinese officials use: very large and covered with characters. He was good enough to pause, and show us the letters these envelopes were to contain, very long, and beautifully written, and most neatly and cunningly folded. There was someone very ill in the house, and these letters were addressed to heaven, describing circumstantially his sad case. They were presently to be burnt and thus delivered. The lanterns with which this house was decorated, were blue for semi-mourning. Only a few doors further off

curiously enough we came upon a wedding. The doors stood wide open, and we saw a long vista of courtyards and Ting-ehrs all with open doors, and at the end what I fancied were a number of smartly-dressed servants standing. But they may for all I know have been the hosts. There was a band in the first courtyard with the quaint, pretty-looking instruments of crocodile skin, which I had before so much admired in the Shanghai city. Every one seemed so obliging I asked to look inside the wedding chair. It was remarkably smart, really beautifully embroidered all over outside. But to my intense disgust the cushion, on which the bride was to sit, was an old common, red cushion worn at the corners, and actually dirty, and the inside of the chair had not been cleaned out.

Unfortunately all our following of street boys came after me into the courtyard to examine the chair, so feeling I was not only intruding, but making a real obstruction, I came out again. As I did so, some women wedding guests got out of a sedan chair at the door with a baby marvellously attired. They were good enough to ask me to go in with them, and even seized hold of my hands to lead me in. But I felt as if I should *lose face*, as the Chinese say, if I went in among the wedding guests with my rough ulster,

and without a single Chinese compliment o say to anyone.

Just as the day before there was a strong head wind when we were going up the river, so this day when we were coming down there was next to none. But our wonderful yacht made her way all the same, bringing us down just in time for the reopening of the Shanghai Theatre, with every place taken, so that actually money was being refused at the doors. No wonder the Chinese delight in theatres. Their flat country cries out for some artificial enlivening.



WINTER SCENE NEAR SHANGHAI.

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[*By Mrs Cecil Holliday.*

CHAPTER VI

APRIL NEAR NINGPO

TWO years before, travelling through the English Lakes in the month of June and rejoicing in the rhododendrons and azaleas, so lovely there, I had read Miss Gordon Cumming's account of the azaleas on the hills behind Ningpo, and thought I must some day come to China just on purpose to see them. But I had no idea then that I should ever really do so. Now one night on board the good boat *Kiangteen* had brought us from Shanghai to Ningpo, reaching that place in pleasant time for breakfast. And next day saw us most comfortably installed in a friend's houseboat *en route* for Kongkou, where we were to take chairs to proceed to the Snowy Hollow of Shih-to-sze. Ningpo boats are excellent, and the one lent us slipped along like an eel, propelled by two men with yulos at the stern. Though pleasant enough there was little to notice on the way. But before ever packing into the houseboat, we had been to see the various sights of Ningpo:

the shops of the famous wood-carving; the grand old Fokien Guild House with its beautiful dragon-carved stone pillars, and air of departed grandeur; then in the foreign quarter the straight race-course, where no races seem ever run; the church with its excellent memorial window to Bishop Russel, and last, but certainly not least, the new Bund.

Ningpo shops are rich in fresh, clean-looking matting, and in delightfully fresh-looking contrivances made out of bamboo. I was also greatly pleased to find Ningpo sailors walking about in nether garments stitched with the very same smocking stitch our own carter lads have for centuries found so serviceable. It must be something more than fancy, that makes so many of us like to wear smocking now, since Chinese "water-hands" and English labourers have alike discovered its uses.

Arrived at Kongkou, some twenty or thirty men turned out at once and waited patiently for an hour or two to compete for the job of carrying our baggage. It was rather difficult to get through them. But at last at nine we were off, and between four and five reached Shih-to-sze. The road was at first rather monotonous, and the heat all the way very oppressive. But there came a moment of intense excitement,

when we first caught sight of azaleas, pink beneath the fir trees. Then there was a hillside or two in the distance all ruddy with them. At last we were carried over such a hill, and sprang out and gathered our hands full of pale pink, of rosy red, of mauve and again of purple reddish azaleas. They were quite as lovely as in English gardens. The bushes were covered with flowers. But somehow I am not sure that when wild they give quite the same satisfaction as do the fields waving yellow with rape flower, and scenting all the air with their sweetness. Whether from association azaleas look too fine for wildness. We lunched by a swift stream, on whose banks grew what looked like violet flowers, but with leaves most unlike violets. And there we sat and watched the rafts go by; five or seven bamboo-tree stems loosely tied together so that the water could come up between the stems, and with the ends somewhat curved upwards at one end like a prow. On a platform upon the stems would sometimes sit a party of women with their graceful style of hair dressing, a large chignon not hanging down the back, but sticking out very far behind, and giving the face a dreamy, poetic air, altogether unusual in China. Sometimes all sorts of market produce would be piled up on the plat-

form. The rafts always shot by quickly, and I wondered how I should like sitting on one of them, knowing it was soon to be our mode of conveyance.

After luncheon the scenery grew greatly in interest, recalling Monte Generoso and North Italian scenes. But all on a sudden my eyes rested on a shabby shrub by the wayside. I was sure I knew something about that dull-looking shrub, something like a very forlorn camellia, recalling from a little distance a holly bush but without the prickles. It was only next day, however, I was able to assure myself I was right. We passed then by many tea gardens. We were told some were for tea and some for oil produced from the tea seeds. All looked alike neglected.

All the way along the birds were singing, the cuckoo calling continuously, the cock pheasant at intervals. There was a feeling of spring in the air. Two peasant women passed in lively chat; they were most decorously dressed in front with their jackets drawn down over long aprons, that looked like petticoats, but which abruptly terminated, leaving only trousers visible behind, being in reality half their divided skirts, the other half having been taken off for convenience in walking. They chatted with us, they chatted with the stray

men they met. Azaleas lay along the road, dropped from the careless hands of previous passers. Nearly everyone we met was carrying a handful of azaleas. But I was not sorry when we reached the elevated valley, on a sort of platform on which stands the famous monastery, said to have been founded towards the end of the ninth century under the reign of Hi-tsung. For the final hill was steep, and one of my chair bearers—a mere lad—could not carry. So I had to walk, and the heavy air made this very hot work. The guest-rooms seemed all the damper in consequence, and I was glad soon to leave them and go out to see the beautiful cascade with its grand rock amphi-theatre, and azalea bushes in full blossom, like delicate pink and mauve fairies, projecting over the precipice; all perfumed by the delicious scent proceeding from an evergreen shrub snowed over by what looked like glorified myrtle blossom. But on the way my attention was arrested by what was indeed a novelty to me, a service in the temple.

All the time I had been in China I had never caught sight of the tail end of a religious service of any kind. So of course I lingered now. Six priests in disgustingly dirty and patched loose greyish-white gowns, with each a yellow robe fastened across one shoulder by a ring and fibula,

knelt upright before the altar. Then they rose and prostrated themselves three times, one of them abasing himself till his head rested in his hands on the hassock on which he was kneeling. He seemed to be the leader, was perhaps the officiating priest. They struck gongs and bells, and a drum with a very deep sound, and processioned round the church chanting. Round and round the temple they walked, never apparently noticing me at all, with eyes cast down, and air of deep devotion. I seemed at intervals to hear *Dominus, Dominus, Gloria, Gloria.* Certainly the chant seemed the very same I have listened to so often in Roman Catholic churches in Europe. There was no congregation, and the demeanour of the Chinese priests was more reverent, that was all the difference I could notice. Thus for more than a thousand years they had been worshipping our Heavenly Father after that fashion in this very spot. Once there are said to have been three thousand priests in that monastery. Had their service been accepted? Surely the old casuists were right when they decided that in His eyes, the question is, "*Non si bonum, sed si bene.*" Not if the manner of worship be good, but if it be well done, that is true heart worship.

Possibly these priests are now ignorant, sunken in superstition, not religion. There are



FOKIEN GUILD HALL AT NINGPO, WITH DRAGON-ENTWINED STONE COLUMNS.

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BUDDHIST PRIESTS.

[*By Mr Mencarini.*

many such in Europe. But it is impossible to contemplate their method of worship and doubt that it is derived from one common stock with that of the Roman Catholics, of whose service ours is but a modified translation. Reformation may be needed, always must be as long as man is mortal, but *Omito Fo!* Which of us is there cannot join in saying that?

An old man looking at us from a window was telling his beads all the while. Each gaily-dressed woman carried a rosary conspicuously. At last we seemed to have reached a religious part of China.

Ta Lang Shan is, like the jinricksha, a missionary discovery. It is a plateau in an elevated valley, and the climate in the month of April recalls the Yorkshire moors or a spring day in Cumberland. In the morning one gets up to white mist over everything, and in the evening heavy mists settle down like a pall, covering first the distant hill-tops, then shadowing the country below them, shining from under the veil all flecked with sun and shadow, finally settling down over everything visible. It is so high up that one can wander over the adjacent hills for hours without ever descending any distance to speak of. These hills are grown over with firs, azaleas only budding as yet, lovely white and

purple violets, tea plantations, and in the hollows the inevitable paddy. It was just a little cheerless there when the winter grass had not yet disappeared, or the bamboos put on their summer bravery. But some three weeks later it must be delightful indeed, and one envies the possessors of the various foreign houses, who can spend their summers here.

Only six weeks before, we were told, there were six feet of snow there, and the tea bushes still showed many signs of having been touched up by the frost. We saw bushes of which the owner said they were seventy or eighty years old, and others to which he assigned thirty years. They were growing into veritable hedges in some parts. And I could not help wondering what Indian cultivators would say to rows of tea bushes, interspersed among rows of rape, or, as was more common, among rows of barley, and with the ground all hard and undug around them. But then again we were told the tea would be very good that year because there had been so much snow. And Assam tea is, I believe, unassisted by snow. So probably there is a good deal of difference in the plants.

There was not a priest in the village, nor as it would seem a rosary; yet a young man, son of a village notable, of his own accord volunteered

that the people were much too good to be converted, and he thought it very wrong of a certain missionary to try. However this may be, one man told us he was the only Christian in the place, and another that there was not one, and this, though missionaries had had houses there for six years, and frequented the place for nine, for their vacations, be it remembered!

The road from the Snowy Valley to Ta Lang Shan lies through a singularly beautiful ravine, full of bamboo groves with one bit like Scott's Enchanted Castle in the Valley of St John, with fine trees, and all the way a fresh running stream. In this valley the boys wear a curious kind of top-boots, perhaps they should be called long stockings, for they put on straw sandals over them. But however this covering may be called, it reaches to the knee, where it is turned down in a deep fold, and it is made of human hair plaited together, and so coarse and rough as to give the boys the appearance of young bears. We did not make out if it is made of their lady-loves' hair or their own. Throughout Chekiang the men wear a delightfully convenient basket-pocket tied round their waists by a straw girdle and hanging down behind. In this they commonly carry a knife, or pipe. But it would be the very thing for picnics, or wild flowers, so I was

delighted to have one presented to me by the head of a tea-hong, who took us to see his house. It had carved doors, and all one end of the guest-room was carved by Fung Hwa men, five of whom he had in his employ. All the best Ningpo carving is done by men from this town. The beams projecting beyond the walls to support the roof outside were so quaintly and interestingly carved, I could not help once again regretting that no one in Shanghai has tried to build a house, that would be a *chef-d'œuvre* of Chinese art, instead of an imitation of something at home. A verandah with such carved beams would be a thing of joy, far better than a dozen so-called curios patched about a European room. Chinese dirt seems to have blinded people to the ever-varying beauty of Chinese designs, which may be very simple, but are hardly ever otherwise than graceful, often very much so, and always appropriate to the part they serve to decorate. The most delightful thing in this house, however, was the swallows' nests in the rafters forming the ceiling of the guest-room, and the birds themselves swiftly darting in and out all the time of our visit, not the least alarmed at the people round about. The Chinese are very fond of having birds' nests in their houses, and thus giving the winged crea-

tures free shelter seems far preferable to having them in cages.

The difficulty of obtaining houses away from the Treaty Ports had been satisfactorily solved here, the foreigner advancing to the landowner money to build a house, and then renting it of him, the principal being thus gradually paid off out of the rent. Meanwhile the house had to be kept in repair by the owner. There were four foreign houses then, situated some distance apart, and all commanding extensive views, three belonging to Ningpo missionaries, and one to the Commissioner of Customs. The air seemed far fresher and healthier than that of the Snowy Valley, but the latter has far more "sights" to tempt the traveller, being surrounded by cliffs and waterfalls, and rich also in flowers and singing birds. One of the features in the accommodation provided by the priests at Shih-to-sze is the book where, unlike most travellers' books, each traveller seems to have tried to write something worth the reading. There is a little account of the history of the place. Sir Walter Medhurst has written careful advice as to what walks to take, and in what order, though this seems to matter less, where all the surroundings are lovely. Someone has given a list of the birds. No one so far of the flowers. Mr Ernest Major

has selected a legend of a great exterminator of mankind, who tried to slay one of the priests, but the priest lifted his finger and the sword would not cut, so the exterminator repented of his misdeeds and endowed the monastery. Dr Fryer has added his quotum, especially noting that the two trees at the entrance are splendid specimens of *Salisburia Adiantifolia*. But perhaps the wittiest entry is among the last:—

"Of advice above given in brief here's the gist:
If in climbing the Perilous Path you persist,
We recommend *Rubbers* (though not playing whist);
For though fog there be none, yet the way may be *mist*,
And no doubt—though this need not be news that appals—
In Shih-to-sze most commonly *trips* lead to *falls*,
While as to the steps, which you see everywhere,
Down the vales, up the cliffs—why they just make *one stair*."

E. & R. S. YORKE.

I have been transported in many curious fashions, but I certainly never expected to be carried all day in a clothes basket, dangling from a bamboo pole, as I was from Snowy Valley here. It seems to be the sedan chair of these hilly regions. Our journey took longer than it should have, I think ten hours with only half an hour's rest for luncheon. The bearers seemed greatly to enjoy themselves.

The great charm of Ta Lang Shan is the unexpected beauty of the walks. One wanders

along among fir trees and azaleas, and all on a sudden finds oneself on an elevated plateau standing out right in the midst of a valley, and commanding a prospect of surpassing loveliness. Yet amongst all the others I fancy the walk to Sze Ling carries away the palm, and by those at all pressed for time this may be taken on the way from Snowy Valley to Ta Lang Shan. The rocks and little precipices add greatly to the beauty of the scene, but its charm cannot be put into words. Only the artist could attempt to deal with that. At the same time it is worth noting that the variety of foliage would make the steep descent down to Sze Ling a triumph of landscape gardening, had it all been planted by the most skilful gardeners instead of growing wild. Azaleas of varied tints and in full flower overhang the precipices ; firs crown them. Beneath are groves of golden bamboos, Chinese palms, Cunninghamias, fresh green larches, flowering holly, Osmundia Regalis, with a whole following of ferns, all putting out fresh fronds ; running water, and opposite, ranged along the hillside in a commanding situation, the well-built picturesque farmsteads of Sze Ling. At Chin-ngan there is the same sort of headland standing out, commanding there an all-round view, but not with quite the same charm of character as at Sze Ling.

Another of the delights of the neighbourhood of Ta Lang Shan is the extreme friendliness and hospitality of the people. Heated with walking it is very pleasant to be welcomed with hot tea —really sometimes of delicious flavour—in the cool, dark guest-room of a farmhouse. We had eggs brought to us also, with salt; no bread of course; wine and pipes were offered, also a ewer of hot water with a cloth steeped in it, with which one is meant to cool one's face and neck. No fashion could be more sensible and acceptable. But it requires some resolution to make use of the cloth, that has probably already served so many a Chinaman, although steeped in hot water.

The women wear a variety of pretty pins in their hair, sometimes sticking out so far that I wondered if no young miss, toddling about on her poor deformed feet, had put out some younger brother's eye with her projecting pins.

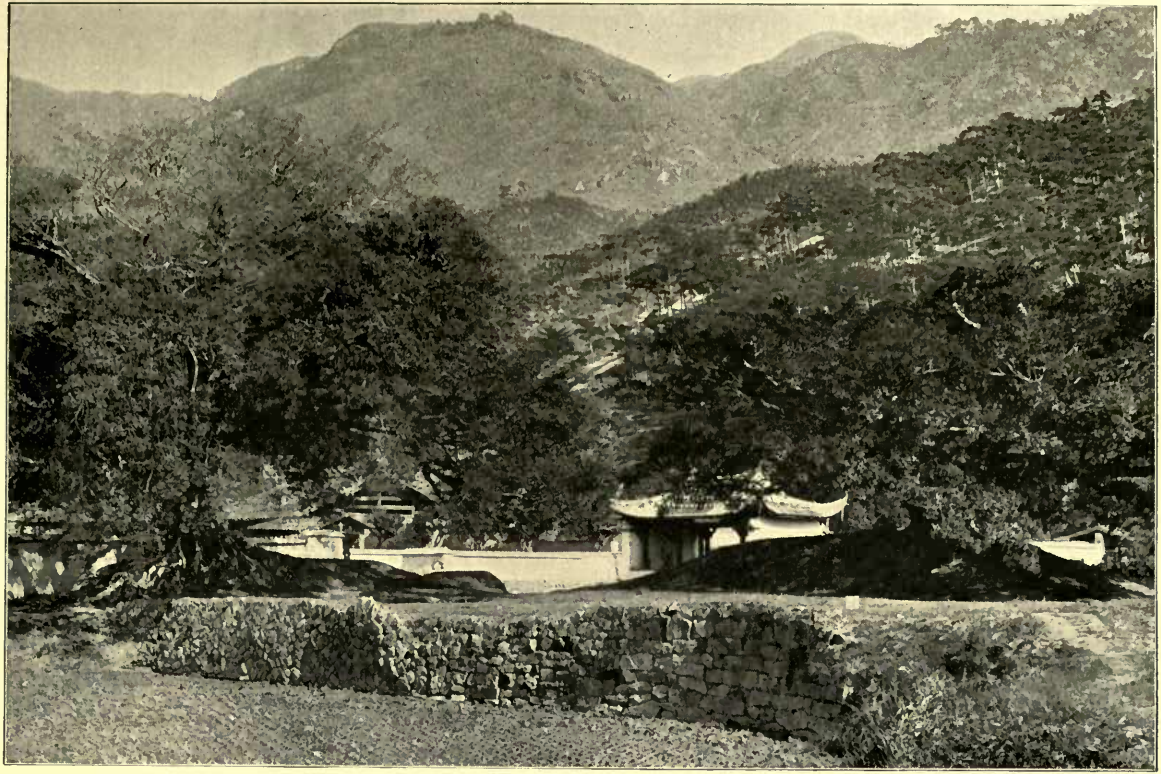
As the weather grew hotter we had the pleasure of witnessing two thunderstorms at Ta Lang Shan. But all was cool with rapidly moving white mist, when we wended our way downward through the valley of Wu Ling Day, always increasing in beauty till one reaches Ta Jow, so that I think it the loveliest valley I have ever travelled through, although, on saying so, visions rise up before me, rather reproachfully, of a Val

Paraiso in far-off Madeira, with chestnut trees ever waving their many branches, and pale pink belladonna lilies bowing their heads distressed. But for one thing Wu Ling Day is much longer and more varied. People who have been in Japan say it is like Japan, only finer. It is very fine, though not in the least grand. Its feature, or one of its features, is its magnificent tallow trees. Laurel-like Photinias, one arch of white flower, also added much to its beauty as we passed through. It has a romantic character that made one wish all Shanghai could be transported bodily for one gladsome saunter, to go back refreshed. At Ta Jow the stream we had so long followed became navigable, and we took boats, and shot rapids through a still more beautiful scene. Everywhere by the side elegant footpaths with well-kept flights of steps, and many peasants walking along them, and everywhere rest houses, with grand ancestral halls.

Having read a most exciting account of the rapids near Wenchow, I hoped my heart would jump into my mouth, or that I should at least experience some sensation over these Ningpo rapids. But I must confess they suggested none but of pleasure and of admiration of the form of the boats, and the skilful way our very young bow boy steered. We always went full speed down the rapids and the motion was most exhilarating.

At Ning-kong-jow we found our kind friends' houseboat waiting for us, and proceeded to Ningpo by the River Yung. For the first half hour the scene was lovelier than any yet passed through, recalling the Wye, but more beautiful from the bright colours of the azaleas enhancing its peaceful stillness. Gradually the scenery became uninteresting. But first we saw some hundreds of big paddy birds sitting together on one or two trees, every available perch occupied by these daw-like birds, with their long bills and puffed-out chests. Kingfishers flew before us—cuckoos called. Also a bird with a strange, sad "o-h! o-h!" reckoned a bird of ill omen by the Chinese. We reached Ningpo before breakfast the next morning, had a grand day buying embroideries and sweets, and after a dinner party stepped into the comfortable houseboat again and once more on waking found ourselves far away in the country among lovely scenery, bound for the celebrated monastery of Tien Dong.

In this particularly friendly province of Chekiang, the speciality seems to be rest houses and ancestral halls. There is, however, another speciality: a slight attempt there is made at decency. It was the first part of China where I had found any. And the result was so comical that the most prudish traveller could not fail to be



To face page 64.] ENTRANCE TO TIEN DONG MONASTERY NEAR NINGPO. [*By Mr Mencarini.*

at least inwardly amused by it. I must plead guilty to having several times laughed outright. A sedan chair for the sum of one dollar will take you from the boat to the monastery, between five and six miles off, along a picturesque but very hard road, and back again. Once there you may stay in one of the spacious guest-rooms, entertained by the priests for a very small sum per diem, and wander about in the bamboo groves, or study the true inwardness of Buddhism, now so fashionable a religion for *blasé* Londoners. In May the azaleas again there colour the hillsides in banks of yellow, pink and mauve. When we were there in April this was hardly the case yet, but the yellow azaleas were coming on. The yellow irises had not yet come out. Another iris, however, like the *fleur de lys*, carpeted the ground just outside the temple, while wistaria tossed its beautiful, scented blossoms over the walls on to the fir trees, and generally everywhere, making the air sweet with its perfume.

There is a long, long avenue of fir trees, with several *Tingehrs*, or entrance pavilions, and two lake-like ponds on the way up, these last specially beautiful, reflecting as they do magnificent old trees growing all round. Some of these trees have little shrines erected round them as if to Dryads. We met hundreds and hundreds of

people coming back as we went out. They were mostly women, and in their best attire. But, as a rule, from each family went one man to take care of his female relations, looking very much as if he were taking out a whole seraglio. But probably they were his "sisters and his cousins and his aunts." The clothes-basket-like sedan in which most of the country people are carried has a very comical effect until you are used to it.

It was too early in the season for the great tubs of herb tea—a most refreshing tonic—to be put out in the rest houses. These are daily filled in summer by the charity of rich philanthropists, by whom also are placed at intervals the huge blocks of stone standing on end, on which the weary wayfarer can rest his load, Chinese philanthropy always seeming especially practical. Many a man, whose shoulders were breaking down under his burden, would be unable even to relieve himself of it for a minute, were it not for these stones, for many of the men carry burdens much too heavy to lift back on to their shoulders unaided, if once set down on the ground.

I sometimes wish English charity would take a similarly practical form. Why should not the teetotal societies provide free tea, or milk, or at least water at all railway stations in August? Why should not shelters, with the means for

making a fire, be erected on the Yorkshire moors, and throughout the lake district? And whilst asking questions, not to be answered, why should not a missionary, before much money be expended on his journey into the far interior, be required to prove his capabilities by converting at least one Buddhist priest? There are two hundred of them at Tien Dong. They do not look very spiritual minded, but they are friendly, merry fellows, in ash-coloured cotton gowns, with a cloak or cape made of little oblong bits of red silk carefully sewn together with the white edges showing, and fastened over one shoulder; these little bits thus laboriously put together symbolising the rags of poverty. There is a temple to the Lord of Heaven, of whom there is a most unspiritual-looking figure over the altar, with a large stomach and every sign of gratified appetites in his fat, hanging cheeks and half-closed, laughing eyes. There is also a temple beyond to Buddha, of a far nobler type, whether imaged as *bonito*, or as rejoicing, or as himself. There are three figures of him in the temple over his altar, and behind it a figure of his mother—Sa-kya Mouni's mother, as they call her, though not giving her son any other name than that of his exaltation. There were worshippers going round, kneeling, and bowing their foreheads to the ground, or

waving joss-sticks before each statued disciple in turn. The priests were chanting very monotonously a service specially ordered by a Mandarin as a thanksgiving for his recent promotion in office.

Each chair bearer from Ta Lang Shan to Ta Jow received five hundred cash, each baggage carrier three hundred cash. (There are one thousand cash in a dollar, and a dollar then equalled two shillings.) Each boat from Ta Jow to Ning-kong-jow cost six hundred cash. It will thus be seen how very little is the expense of the whole trip, even with the fifteen dollars' return ticket from Shanghai to Ningpo added to it. Ten days would be quite sufficient time. Some of those, who are thinking of Japan, might do well to turn their attention to the flowery hill tops and yet more beautiful valleys around Ningpo. Whilst those, who are interested in Chinese ritual, could not make acquaintance with it to better advantage than in the stately courts and solemn precincts of the Tien Dong Monastery.

CHAPTER VII

SEPTEMBER IN WUHU

WUHU, about half way between Chinkiang and Kiukiang, appears at first sight one of the pleasantest ports on the Yangtze. It is not crowded in amongst Chinese houses, but lies amongst hills, and is exceptionally rich in pagodas; that in the Chinatown, just where a wide creek crowded with masts diverges from the main river, being one of the grandest and most ancient looking I have seen. The European community is small; the Consul's house stands upon a hill with a fine view, the Commissioner's house on a still higher hill with a finer view; the missionaries have withdrawn themselves to a distance of several miles, where their handsome houses, situated on a well-wooded hill overlooking the river, and surrounded by uninhabited country, elicit many expressions of envy from merchant-captains and engineers, who, judging by its exterior near Wuhu, are fain to pronounce a Chinese missionary's life a very easy one. But nestled in beneath their villas is a school, and the

education of the young is probably the most satisfactory form of missionary work, while the big building cresting the hill is really a hospital. The Jesuits have built what looks like a positively colossal building alongside its Chinese neighbours, but it is intended to serve as a house of rest for those of their order all through the two provinces. Thus each big building may be explained, yet they look rather like fortresses beleaguering the one-storied Chinese town.

In the lotus-flowering season Wuhu must be a thing of beauty, for all around there are large lake-like ponds with firm, blue-green, platter-like leaves rising out of them, not lying on the surface like our own water-lilies. And it is between lotus-covered ponds and avenues of tall, stately sunflowers that the little European community goes to and fro to its lawn-tennis ground upon the plains. Those accustomed to China can fill up the interstices with dirt and smells, which make, what might be so charmingly romantic, distressingly Zolaesque.

Wuhu Chinatown did not appear particularly interesting, but lovely silk stuffs are to be had there, and huge skeins of filoselle silk in various exquisite hues, or dyed to order at fabulously low prices. And in the country round there are many objects of interest. One day we went to the Chin

Shan, or Golden Mountain. In one place the creek along which we sailed was full of little cormorant boats. These uncouth-looking birds drive the fish along, much as we drive pheasants at home, before they catch them, and finally deliver them up to their keepers. We lunched in a little harbour with various flowering plants near us, then landed and walked along through sweet wild rosemary and wistaria, with which Wuhu also must be lovely in its season, to some small hills near the Golden Mountain. A pheasant whirred from almost under my feet, and one of the party got enough snipe for the six of us for dinner. The country to our left looked like Westmorland with a lovely farmstead in the middle distance with smoke rising from it. Before us rose a further hill, from which evidently an all-round view could be obtained; beneath us in the hollow to our right nestled a temple. "Hills from the bottom! Temples from the outside!" murmured one of the party. We were undecided. It is wonderful what a short time in China inclines one to this *underneath* and *outside* view. But an adventurous spirit, who had already ascended the hill, was now to be seen making his way to the temple. So we tried for a short cut to it, and found one rather rocky and somewhat precipitous, and there in the rockiest and steepest part clusters

of delicate, yellow lilies growing. Lilies of the daffodil yellow, but quite large and growing like belladonnas, six or more flowers on a head, and with a faint, delicious perfume. We gathered our hands full, dug up some roots, admired the fine sand-like mould in which the lilies were growing, then descended on the temple.

A very sensual, jolly sort of Falstaff figure sat as an image of some god at the entrance, handsomely gilded and done up. Behind on the altar the usual three Buddhas of the Past, Present and Future, and around the twelve disciples. There seemed nothing of special interest. But behind this temple we entered an inner shrine, the most remarkable I have yet seen in China. For there, out of the face of the living rock, to a height of some forty feet or more, were carved images innumerable, some standing out as statues, life size—man's life size that is to say—some only in *alto relievo*. On each side there were quaint figures, the one of a mythological sort of horse, the other of a bull, as far as I remember. And some way up among the figures on the face of the rock was a dove standing out by itself in complete relief. "You see that dove?" asked a Chinaman. "There were two, but the other flew away." There was a rough roof covering in the whole and protecting the brilliant colours and

gilding of the images. In Europe one would hear long descriptions of such a shrine, when the images were carved, by whom, with what intent. In China one hears—nothing! We all—newcomers and old residents alike—came upon it by chance, as it were. Two young priests with a very lowly dwelling, one half of whose courtyard was given up to the keeping of gilded images, and of a miniature shrine of like nature as the other, were alone in charge. They looked very poor, and had very simple, guileless faces.

As we left the temple the setting sun was beginning to dye the distant Yangtze, and an intervening lake-like expanse, all manner of beautiful tints of saffron and red. Looking back at the temple we saw a large owl fly slowly across it, and settle on a spur of hill running down, all rocks, into the alluvial plain. The contrast of rocks and mud was heightened by all the grass having been burnt black round the foot of the rocks. Turning away again I could not but be reminded of one of Mason's evening scenes; the figures of our party standing out against the brilliant sunset, the huge bunch of yellow lilies harmonising with the yellow sunset tints, as if a bit brought down from heaven to earth. But gradually the mud began to smell, whilst mosquitoes and gnats called forth many an

exclamation. As we pushed off in our boat a group of some twenty natives standing on the bank watching stood out as black silhouettes against the last bright redness, and the creek with its bamboo grove to the left, and water no longer visibly muddy in the twilight, looked very quiet and dreamlike. It had been a fiercely hot day, and it was very pleasant to sit on the top of the houseboat, and be quietly pushed along in the moonlight.

Another excursion we made was to the San Shan or Three Hills. These were higher than the others. Again a temple at the foot, but a temple of no special interest, only with a very charming shady grove leading up to it, in which the wistaria must be glorious in the spring time. We climbed to the top of one of the three hills, but the view round was more interesting than beautiful. At the top of the hill was a pit said to be bottomless—but we thought we saw the bottom—and to communicate by subterranean passages with more than one place in the country round. There were many beautiful ferns growing in it. And again the question, what caused it? The sides were straight down almost like a well that had been sunk. The country people tell many wonderful tales about it; how a creature like a bird flew out of the hill one day,

and left that hole where it came out; how a dragon with an egg in its mouth descended into the earth there, and the egg formed the pit, etcetera. Coming back, through a rather large village, we found it *en fête*, matting covering in the principal, very winding street, and all the street hung with lanterns so close together as to be almost touching. The lanterns were mostly red, but there were occasionally others more elaborate; the effect was exceedingly pretty even by day, and would be still prettier by night. Every now and then in the middle of the narrow street were stood altars with candles and artificial flowers, and at all the doors and at all the windows were all the inhabitants of the village in their gala clothes, silently waiting there to see us pass by. I never saw such a complete turn-out of a village before. As we passed numbers of men and boys fell out and followed us. We passed by large lotus ponds and temples, whose admirable proportions and air of utter desolation much tempted me to pause. But evening was drawing on, and many hundreds were now following us. It seemed more convenient to enter our boat and push off, looking out for long-legged, cream-coloured cranes, and fire flies, which last when they came on board our boat turned out to be fat, luminous beetles.

And now the pleasant week at Wuhu had come to an end, and the water of the Yangtze flowed yellow brown, as we passed by fields of millet and sorghum, quiet farmsteads shut in by trees, temples with finely-curved roofs, distant blue mountains, and creeks full of masts leading up to them. Here is a town all agog. Blue-gowned Chinamen massed by hundreds here, there, and again there in each clear space by the water to see the steamer pass, blue-gowned men and red-trousered women standing out against the sky in high-up Shai-tai, staring with all their might and main. There is a wedding procession with gay scarlet umbrellas, or is it some grand Mandarin the people are welcoming? For there are triumphal arches. Here are frightened buffaloes and homely peasants pausing from their daily toil. We pass by in the steamer, as we do in life, seeing the outside of many public events, of many individual lives, ignorant altogether of those realities beneath, which make life worth the living to the people we pass by, going about our own business, and wholly preoccupied by it, as they also by theirs.

CHAPTER VIII

THE DRAGON KING'S CAVERN AND THE DOME: ICHANG

IT had really been too hot to write an account of our expedition to the Dragon King's Cavern and the Dome, through the wonderful conglomerate region to the south and east of Ichang. This is as different as possible from the by comparison graceful and pleasing limestone country of the Ichang Gorge. But much more noteworthy, for, as far as I know, the only other example of it on at all as large a scale is Montserrat in Spain. We started in the afternoon, A. and I taking chairs, Mr M. trusting to his feet alone, but he had in the end to be carried pick-a-back over the stream, which we crossed and recrossed till I was almost tired of it. We only got into the conglomerate country towards evening, huge blocks of rock fallen down, and as A. pointed out to me, with the granite *pebbles*, which go to their making, generally broken in two, thus showing not only how violent had been the force of their disruption but how strong the

conglomerate mixture that united them, since the granite broke soonest. Dry rivers with stony beds, mountains with bulging sides, always the cracks in them horizontal and quite straight, as if ruled by a ruler, and with little holes like those that come in a plum pudding in the boiling, recalling the common name of pudding-stone. The valleys here do not grow narrower and more winding as one goes up them, but end quite abruptly in precipices. And as it grew darker the narrow path we were following looked as if it were leading us into the very bowels of the mountains, till at last when under some very funereal-looking cypresses I saw a solemn gateway, which by its sudden turn seemed as if it must take us there quite straight, it really required an effort of will to go on. I could quite imagine turning back, and flying down the steep path to the next village, as if pursued by demons. However another sharp turn inside the gateway, and another gate, and a long flight of steps under dark cypresses brought us to the gate and the court-yard, on which look down the several coquettish and stork-and-dragon decorated temples, all situated well within the overhanging arch of Lung Wang Tung, the Dragon King's Cavern. A most friendly light shone out from the high-up window of the grand guest-chamber,

only dimmed by the shower of water always dripping over it like a veil of tears from the top of the cavern into the large basin made to receive it in the courtyard below.

Two more flights of steps brought us into the monastery. Oh! the ugliness of these Buddhist priests! We found all our men, chairs and all, were behind—so Mr M. and A. were both most pressing to me to change into a spare coat each had, as of course all the things we all of us had on were wet through with the heat. However, it was so damp and chilly there, I thought one person had better be uncomfortable than two, so I waited till the things came. Then there being no doors to the guest-room, I solemnly notified everyone I could that I was now going to wash and change. Just as I was in full swing in came three Buddhist priests with cakes and seeds and tea. I ordered them not to come in, I gesticulated, I told them to go. I called the coolie to call his master to interpret. But not the slightest notice would anyone take of me, which, however, under the circumstances, was perhaps just as well—until with *mathematical* accuracy the table was laid, and the priests were *thoroughly* satisfied as to their own arrangements. Anything like the impenetrability of the Chinese, unless you address them in their own tongue, I never did see.

At last we got dinner, and went to bed—*on tables!*

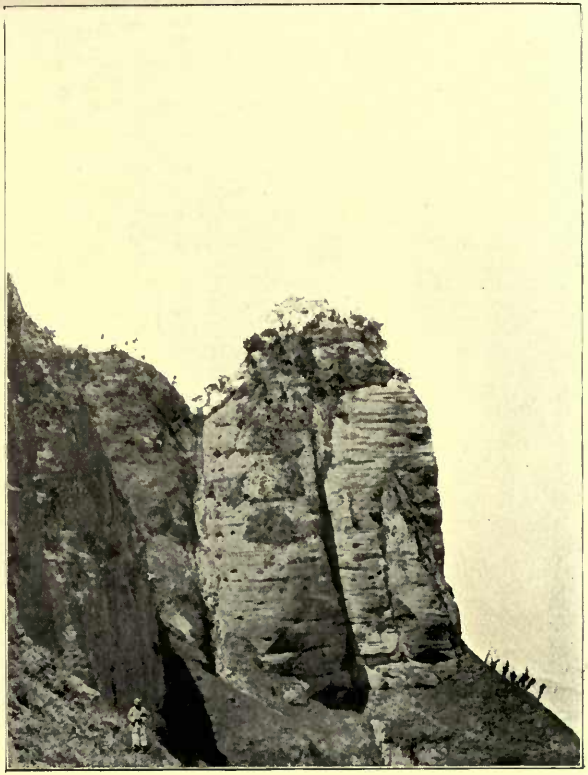
Next morning we started off for the Wen Fo Shan or Dome. Such dreary-looking country we walked through, patches of cultivation scratched here and there, looking as if they had been scratched too hard and the rock had come through —always bulging out, with straight, horizontal fissures and little round holes. Always dry river rock beds! But in one waterfall, with water in it too, one leap we all estimated at about one thousand feet. The path led along the side of a precipice, somewhere in the middle of it. It didn't look anything particular when walking along it, but looking back at it from the opposite side, I could quite imagine people getting goose skin over it. The other side was a very steep climb, all made into steps, which at present make very good walking. We got so hot and out of breath that when Mr M., as if having racked a well-stored memory for all he had ever heard upon the subject, said he believed that sucking an orange was the very best thing for getting up a hill, we at once found a beautiful flat rock to sit upon and were thoroughly happy for a time. Then up again! when A. suddenly called out from the front, "Well! I don't care. I really must sit down and smoke a cigar before we go any further." I was



BUDDHIST PRIESTS.

[*By Mr Mencarini.*

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MONASTERY NEAR ICHANG, SHOWING CONGLOMERATE OR PUDDING-STONE FORMATION.

[*By Mrs Archibald Little.*

just about to be very severe with him and Mr M. for wanting to smoke before they got to the top, for they had made us late the evening before by greatly enjoying a bathe and swim in the stream, when my "Well, really!" died away, as I became aware we were actually at the top of what we had been climbing, and there just at our feet the valley, and opposite to us, only joined on to our hill by a narrow ledge of rock, precipices on either side, the Dome rising some three or four hundred feet above us, and going almost sheer down into the valley at our feet, with to the right of it a wall of rock stretching out, I should say, eight hundred feet above the valley beneath, and almost as smooth as if it had been planed. The Dome stood out of a grand setting of range beyond range of distant mountains, which in themselves formed a most beautiful view, without the very startling foreground of this wonderful Wen Fo Shan. The others, who had known what was coming, rather chuckled over my surprise *and* their smoke; and then we walked along the edge of the precipice to the narrow, connecting ledge. Before we crossed, Mr M. photographed the Dome with its trees and temples on the top, and I measured the path from which he took his photograph. Exactly four times the length of my foot could fit into it, but no more.

The connecting ledge made even me feel

disinclined to look down, for one had to go down some rugged steps on to it, which added to the giddy feeling. But of course I conquered my disinclination and looked round over the most weird, distraught-looking country I ever saw. When those evil spirits were turned into swine and ran violently down a steep place I think they must have chosen some country like this. But it was not altogether abandoned to evil influences, for beautiful, tall, white lilies, twice the height and size of virgin lilies, Lilium Brownii, as they are somewhat inappropriately called, were watching all around, and I never tasted nicer blackberries, though they ripened without taking the trouble to turn red.

The temples were very well kept, and the steps up to them were in beautiful order. But it was very oppressive on the top, and I was glad to get down again to the spot where the view first burst upon us like a *coup de théâtre*. Although first we took a long glance down the windings of the Yangtze, as far as we could see, to try and distinguish some trace of any steamer coming up from Hankow. Seeing none we spent another night at Lung Wang Tung. The first evening, by a flickering candle, a priest had conducted us through the vast, cavernous kitchen, up steps and down steps, through first one chapel and then

another till we felt thoroughly mystified. But in the early morning going by myself the romantic impression made upon me was greatly deepened. At the back there is a subterranean lake said to stretch on for ever. A man tried to explore it once. But he never came back again. There is a very big boat kept beside it now—the gift of some dignitary—and this is solemnly launched in times of drought, when the priests go to beseech the Dragon King to turn himself round and send rain, for they regard him as the giver of water, and therefore have built these three temples, shutting him in lest he should escape and drought for ever reign over the land. The water was so clear I could hardly see it in the semi-darkness, and was dreadfully afraid of stepping into it by mistake, the more so as a curious blue vapour was hovering over the surface of the water, and as I thought drawing me on. But I went on exploring, until I suddenly found myself in a chapel I had not seen before, and there sat a grave dark man wrapped in a scarlet mantle, his head bowed in thought. He resembled so greatly an Indian, who came to London a little while ago —as he said, to teach the English people that they had lost sight of the real and the spiritual in the material—that for a moment I thought it was he. The blue vapour again permeated this

temple, and by an optical delusion made it seem as if the figure moved. It was that of a man who wrought wonderful cures under the Sung Dynasty —Chang Lu. If it at all resembles the original, some of his cures must, I think, have been effected by mesmerism. I never saw a more life-like figure. Even writing of it, its influence oppresses me, and this the more because I have not seen one other image in China, that has made the least impression of any kind upon me.

I went back and found A. sitting at the window of the guest-room, looking out through the ever-falling veil of water between it and the romantic view outside, where woods of fir and cypress half conceal the isolated pyramid and cube of rock standing apart at the end of the hill, that shuts in the cavern to the right. He was interviewing dirty priests with dirty manuscripts. I interviewed a baby priest of two years old, the votive offering of his father and mother, who had three elder children. He was horribly afraid of me.

Then we started downwards back to Ichang by another route. The rain poured; the mud! well, we once or twice thought a paddy field easier walking than the path. But all things come to an end some day, and at last we arrived at the creek running into the Yangtze at the



To face page 84.] DRAGON CAVERN TEMPLE.

picturesque village of Anne Miao, the loveliest spot in the view from Ichang. We stept into a boat—there was another in which cormorants with rings round their throats were tranquilly fishing—and in spite of pouring rain reached home hardly wet at all, to be greeted by the sinologues of Ichang with "Well, you must have set yourselves to 'Ch'u Ming'" (get yourselves a name), "to have dared walked down the mountain in weather like this." A. had barely time to dress before starting back for Anne Miao, where the Mandarins were giving the Europeans a grand dinner in the European style, which, however, did not prevent their, before it was over, stripping to the waist in Chinese style, for the weather was oppressive. As for me, I lay down and slept after seven hours' plodding through mud such as I never saw before.

In common justice to Lung Wang Tung I ought to say that, though it is damp, I think now probably the blue vapour was but innocent blue smoke escaping from the cavernous kitchen, where our breakfast was cooking the while. Anyway it enhanced the effect of what I must always think the most melodramatic lodging in which I have yet stayed.

Let those keep away from the Yangtze gorges who think, like White of Selborne, that "there is

somewhat peculiarly sweet and amusing in the shapely-figured aspect of chalk-hills in preference to those of stone." For the gorges are all limestone, dolomite, granite, porphyry. But though they are "broken" and "abrupt" enough, cleft as with a dagger at times, and contrasting favourably, as I am told, for grandeur with the chasms of the Irrawaddy or the canyons of Colorado, yet they are always "shapely," nor is there anything sinister or "rugged" about them.

On the way to San Yeu-tung, at the entrance to the first gorge, butterflies flew beside our path, poising obligingly from time to time, so that I admired closely eight different kinds in less than two hours: the little blue Thekla, or its Chinese representative; the large white cabbage butterfly, yellow butterflies, a coarse, greedy-looking butterfly with a fine swallow-tail, a huge butterfly glorious with peacock-blue feathers on its wings; most interesting of all, a butterfly of soft red-brown, with broad bars of brilliant yellow, such as made it quite a gorgeous creature when it spread its wide wings for flight; when, on the other hand, it closed them, its wings looked for all the world like two withered leaves, the flecking at the edges giving them even a crinkled appearance, and the veins down the middle exactly simulating a leaf's strong middle stalk. A lizard with a very

long tail paused to reconnoitre us. It had beautifully-pencilled, golden stripes on either side of its back, and most delicate, graceful legs ; but it turned to look at us quite a large, toad-like head with little protuberances all over it. A red dragon fly, with body like that of a bee tucked down under its elegant tail, poised itself over the water. For in spite of the drought the stream ran merrily down the glen, which we traversed again and again on stepping-stones mostly under the shadow of the overhanging cliffs.

From San-yeu-tung one can walk across country past the T'aiping Shan, as beautiful a site for a house as one could find anywhere, with the Terrace of the Sun immediately opposite—a tiny temple niched on the top of a precipice about two thousand feet high, the great Yangtze River rolling between—an amphitheatre of mountains all round, and immediately to the right the Chin-kan-shan. The latter is over three thousand feet high, and has again a temple on the summit on only a slightly larger plateau. But to reach that summit you have to walk along one of those connecting ledges of rock, that at first a little try the nerve of the unaccustomed. You can walk on past the Chin-kan-shan, past the dreaded whirlpools of Nantor, on and on to the very end of the gorges, to Chung-king if you please. And all the way

you may saunter along winding mountain-paths, up and down flights of steps. Never an inch of roadway! Never a dusty thoroughfare or disdainful pushing to one side to make place for carriage gentry! A foot tourist could desire no pleasanter touring ground. But is not this all described in my husband's *Through the Yangtze Gorges?* So I must not pause over this enchanting region, a perfect Paradise for pedestrians.

CHAPTER IX

FENGTU: THE CHINESE HADES

ALL through China, whenever anyone dies, a letter is solemnly written to Fengtu-cheng. Has a letter from there ever been received in England before? Written in English too, in this region peopled by Chinese ghosts, reckoning all those who do not speak Chinese as dumb people. The letters to Fengtu are solemnly burned by the Taoist priest, who writes them, as the best way of delivering them to the Emperor of the Dead, whose visible home is there, as that of the T'ien Tze, the Emperor of the Living, is at Peking.

The Boy had just handed in his accounts, and there was one item that startled me that night: "Pluto's Priest, 5000 cash." "Pluto's Priest! Whatever do you mean?" I exclaimed. But the Boy was stolid. "That priest—that come to the boat," was all he said. "But who taught you to call him Pluto's Priest?" "My savey he belong Pluto's Priest." It seemed it must be in his book. We all have books to learn languages from. And it seems Pluto's Priest had a book

too, a red book very big—with such big sums in it that no less than 5000 cash could be entered. And as his temple is said to have been built in the After Han Dynasty (A.D. 220) it would be a pity if it were not kept in repair. It is at the top of a hill, all covered with temples, and with a lovely, green-roofed pagoda at the foot. The hill is also covered with beautiful trees, and commands one of those fascinating views of the Yangtze, that tempt one to look on and on. But there is nothing very beautiful in the temple itself, nor anything in the red sandstone hill on which it stands, or the smiling scenery on which it looks, to explain why it is dedicated to the Lord of the Dead. The Elysian Fields, though not particularly awe-inspiring, have at least a dead-alive air.

We saw the dry well, that is said to reach down to the river bed, but the burning paper, that is being continually thrown in to show its depth has filled it up to within about thirty feet of the surface. We saw also the image of the Emperor of the Dead seated between his two wives. That on the left hand is said to be the skeleton of a woman, acquired as his second wife, some three hundred years ago, when she was really on her way in her wedding chair to be married to someone else, a mere mortal man.

But we could only see its very smart embroidered dress, and take the skeleton on trust. I was very anxious to buy a memento of such an interesting place, and the Boy declared a number of little bows, each with two small arrows tied to it, hung up in one of the temples, were for sale. So I took them down to make my choice, when it turned out they were votive offerings on behalf of sick children. So also he now says is a gigantic iron knife stood up on end in front of one of the temples, and from which hangs a little bell. Priests and people were alike most good-natured. Straying into some back premises we came upon an ornamental iron cover to the wonderful well. It had a dragon's head at the top, and I thought I should like to photograph it, and when I asked if I might carry it outside, and desired two of our soldiers to do so, no one made the least objection. A priest was even quite ready to pose beside it, only suggesting that, if he held a burning joss stick it would look better.

We were quite a party. For besides ourselves there was the Boy, and the cook, who on this one occasion thought he would like to go too, and the *Tsaijen*, sent by the excellent authorities of Chung-chow to protect us—a most dilapidated specimen, but a peremptory old gentleman enough, as I learnt when an urchin, probably to attract my

attention rather than out of malice, threw a small stone. Then there were three soldiers from our gunboat, and last but not least important there was our little dog, whom somebody always had to carry when the crowd grew thick. Going up by the most secluded way we had only between fifty and sixty people for escort. But at the top the crowd thickened every moment, and all the way down there were groups waiting for us. The descent—a serried crowd—past a winding row of wretched-looking creatures begging was certainly disagreeable. But the people were very friendly, one woman even coming up and asking as a favour that the little dog might be put down for a moment, because she wanted so much to see it. There were several representations of Hades and the Judgment, and there were three bridges all together as we came down, highly ornamented like the bridges that only the good are supposed to be able to cross after death. But the most interesting sight was the pilgrims, so many nicely-dressed women with the uncommonly short petticoats and large earrings they wear in these parts. Boats full of them were going up river, as we came up past the town of Fengtu (rebuilt since it was washed away in the great inundation of 1870) and tied up beneath the imposing walls, which the then magistrate built for a new city, safe up in the

hills out of the way of inundations, and also of all business, and thus never inhabited; even the yamens standing empty, and the gate towers and part of the battlements having already fallen off. We have tied up here, because we have at last succeeded in getting a new mast. Our mast was first mended with an old shoe, but that could not last for ever. The shoe was supplemented by a stout stick, and three days ago that gave way, and the mast fell with a crash across our cabin. The day after that we ran on a rock, and made such a big leak that all the men's bedding had to be put out on the shore, and it took half a day to repair the damage. It was then the Chung-chow authorities thought it necessary to send us a protector. Another day we ran on another rock, and did not spring a leak, but broke our tow-line, and went careering down stream, fortunately not very far before we pulled up. I really did hope we might get to Chungking without any further accidents. For the scenery was no longer so grand and the mobbing in or near the towns was certainly most tiring. Wanhsien was the worst place. There three soldiers found it all they could do to keep the crowd off me. But at Chung-chow, everyone on the beach having run round a long reach to get on to a lonely boulder bank where I was photographing, with five

soldiers that time, a number of them thought they would like to come away after us by boat, and so many crowded in, that it simply sank under them. There were three boat-loads of them in the end, and more still to be brought away, when we left the place.

The country people are too much astonished to be troublesome, but the most interesting person we have met was a priest, who was journeying along with two men to carry his things for him. Whenever they had occasion to speak to him they inclined their bodies in the most reverent manner, and in all his conversation he never said a single sentence without somewhere introducing "Omito Fo," which I take to be "Holy is Buddha." So if reputations are won in China, in the same way they are in Midlothian, by simply professing to be good, he is probably esteemed exceptionally holy. Szechuan is a very religious part of China, with so many temples, not to speak of the little shrines built round the Hoang Ko, those beautiful shady trees that crown nearly every hill, and are also to be found filling up every post of vantage in the valleys with their tangled mass of roots, and spreading evergreen foliage. Szechuan seems also to be the place for pretty Chinese women. There was quite a beauty in the boat next to us at Wanhsien, where almost all the women were

nice-looking, with rosy cheeks and bright eyes. And another day I saw a girl like the Beatrice Cenci hanging over a farmhouse wall, though of course it was partly the white Szechuan head-cloth, that made the likeness, also perhaps the dazed, hopeless, slave-girl expression. As a rule the girls are anything but hopeless here. And one moves along to the sound of rippling laughter, as in Japan. Anything indeed less like the sleek, yellow Chinaman of the ports it would be hard to imagine, for the men here wear their kerchiefs with an air, and are uncommonly good-looking, and the women certainly are coquettish. I must remember, however, that I am at Fengtu-cheng, close to the Land of Shadows. I have only to look out and see the lights of "Pluto's" priests, and all round the poppy growing in long straight rows, carefully weeded, carefully watered, and looking in as exquisite perfection of health as its votaries do the reverse. It is rather on subjects like poppies and opium that one should moralise at Fengtu.

CHAPTER X

CHEAP MISSIONARIES

THE question of missionaries is always *à l'ordre du jour* in China, and the question of the day before the Boxer uprising was distinctively cheap missionaries. For that missionaries of some sort or other have come, are coming and will continue to come, appears certain. Whether it is better to have one missionary backed by a salary of, say, two hundred pounds a year, or to have four missionaries struggling against the Chinese climate and the difficulties of the Chinese language on a doubtful fifty pounds a year or less is the point debatable. How they do it is the question. The China Inland Mission gives its members house-rent. But they have to find everything else, food, clothes, medicines, travelling expenses, books or tracts to give away, together with salaries of Chinese assistants. Mr Horsburgh says he can live on ten dollars a month. We find our Chinese coolie reckons his food alone costs him $4.65 for a month of thirty-one days. That leaves $5.35 * for everything else per month. But how an

* At that date a little over ten shillings.



IN SUMMER TIME UP COUNTRY; THOSE MISSIONARIES COME TO CONVERT.
[*By Mr Everall.*



DRAGON BOAT AND UPWARD-BOUND PASSENGER BOAT AT ICHANG.
To face page 96.]
[*By Mr Fiske.*

English gentleman accustomed to the generous fare of old England is to keep alive even on what sustains a Chinese coolie is again a difficulty. During one summer we had the pleasure of visiting several mission stations in the West of China, both those of the Roman Catholics, to whom most travellers award lavishly the praise they deny to missionaries of their own Church, and those of the China Inland, and of Mr Horsburgh's new Church Mission. From all alike, it goes without saying, we received much kindliness, besides that inestimable boon to the traveller, hearing in each case a little meed of fairly accurate information about the neighbourhood, such as it would be impossible to wring out of the surrounding Chinese. Amongst the men of the different missions—we did not then come across any lady missionaries—it would be most invidious to institute a comparison. Suffice it to say, that those of whom we saw the most impressed us the most highly, which is as it should be, and if there be saints still on earth, one or two of those we met struck us as very like our idea of them. Although there were others, who did not seem quite the best calculated to awaken the Chinese to the lovableness of a new Faith.

But to turn from the men to the missions, and to begin with the Roman Catholics, as the longest established. We first visited a Roman Catholic

village, that had been converted to Christianity some hundred and fifty years ago—Ta-tien-tze. There was no church there, no resident priest foreign or Chinese, but a house built by the villagers at their own expense, by their own hands, to receive their priest, when he could come to them, with a large entrance hall arranged to serve as a chapel. The village supported three girls' schools—curiously enough we did not hear of any boys' schools, but there must have been such. One taught by an aged dame reminded us greatly of those taught by a village dame, such as now in England only survive on canvas. It was in a small room of a large farmhouse, not well attended, the children too shy to show off their attainments to advantage, and the aged dame too deaf to converse easily. The other two were distinctly better. The girls read fairly, and then sang after a fashion; they could not answer questions in arithmetic, but all had rosy cheeks, clean faces and bright, intelligent eyes. These last seemed indeed the feature of the village, which for looks could compete with any we have seen in China. Indeed the contrast between it and the surrounding villages in this respect was most remarkable, as also its comparative cleanliness. Visiting some outlying farms we hardly required to hear the answer to our question given by an awkward-

looking boy—"No, I am not sealed to the Faith," the Chinese phrase for being baptised, "I belong to the Three Religions," Taoism, Buddhism, and Confucianism it is to be supposed,—for the slatternly surroundings sufficiently showed that the inmates belonged to the modern faith of China as regards cleanliness. Whilst in the next village to that of the Christians there seemed to be a regular gathering of bad characters, with such sore eyes, and so filthy, that it was hardly possible even to eat there in passing. A very clean-looking, respectable man, pursuing the same route with ourselves, said he was the owner of an inn further on, and again a Christian, and though the distance was rather too great we immediately decided to push on for dinner, and were rewarded by one of the cleanest rooms we had had occasion to see for many a long day. As it came out that he was brother-in-law of the owner of the inn in the Christian village, and each, though barely more than in the prime of life, boasted of having already more than sixty descendants, it may be that the Christian village owes its comeliness and superior *physique* to its being chiefly peopled by one large, healthy, good-looking family rather than to its faith. Be this as it may, here is undoubtedly the cheapest way of doing missionary work—to let the people build house and church and

support schools—and only send a priest for a few occasional weeks in the year to visit them. But for this you must first convert your village.

Having passed a delightful outlying Christian hamlet situated on the slope of an upland plateau, with large herds of cattle grazing round, as also several scattered houses, we at last arrived at the priest's residence at Hoang-mu-chang, some twenty-seven miles across high mountains. Somewhat stately to look at from the outside, it was notwithstanding just an ordinary Chinese house, with three courtyards, and a good garden. The church attached to the house, the girl's school adjoining round the corner, thus somewhat shut off from the priest and carefully shut off from the far larger boarding school for boys, were in this instance very satisfactory, especially the church with its simple but bright decorations, which must to the Chinese around seem something exquisitely lovely and startling in their cleanliness. We arrived only in time to see the congregation disperse after the very early Mass on Sunday morning, many staying behind for a conversation with the priest and with one another. The priest himself, a hardy young mountaineer from Central France, showed with some pride the few panes of glass he had just had inserted in the window by his writing desk, thus enabling him to continue

working when a Chinese by the darkness of his paper windows is compelled to inaction. Other luxury in his spacious sitting-room there was none, unless we count a bookcase of the simplest nature to contain the few books he had brought with him from France. There was no table, three chairs, nothing more! He wore Chinese clothes, with the large fanciful straw hat of the district. He had no wine but that supplied for the Mass. It is true he had a capital mule on which to visit his very widely scattered parishioners. But he was one man alone, not a family nor a pair of friends as is so usual in our missions. There was no European nearer than a very long day's journey across the mountains, and then not another for days and days. No seven or ten years will entitle him to a trip home to those French mountains, a tiny, pictured guide to which he showed us, but which we noticed he did not venture to look at whilst we were there. Frenchmen are emotional and home scenes sometimes awaken too vivid memories. He received no newspapers, and it seemed few letters. We asked him how he spent his lonely evenings in winter. He said earnestly that was the great trial of the first year, but after that one had got over it. This seemed to be emphatically a cheap mission. One can hardly doubt that, were there another priest

forthcoming, it would be better for the Christianity of the first described village, and that in the second with a little more European converse it would be easier to sustain that energising influence without which conversions are humanly speaking improbable.

It was a week's journey before we came across the next Christian outpost, again Roman Catholic. There three priests, with a stately house outside the town of Ta-chien-lu, and a most comfortable-looking farm on the other side of it, were holding the fort; but it would hardly seem advancing much, to judge by the diminutive chapel, and girl's school of only eight, managed by a Chinese Sister, and admirably managed too. Here, though evidently desperately shy, the girls—Tibetans—read really well, sang sweetly, and answered every question put them in arithmetic. All indeed seemed specially well arranged, but when we thought of three men, with a preparation of many years for their work as missionaries, of the outlay upon their houses, of the excellent servants with whom we came in contact, the stately mule with its rich caparisons, and not yet, after many years, enough converts and inquirers to overfill that little chapel, nor more than eight little girls willing to receive an excellent free education, this struck us as a very

expensive mission, however abstemiously the Chinese-clad Fathers may live. Here it will be observed there was some society, and although there were no newspapers, that was simply the fault of the Chinese posts, not intended. There was a garden full of flowers, and a large aviary, that had till lately been full of birds. The walls were covered with pictures, there was an abundance of maps, and what might be called the reception-hall was fitted up with Chinese magnificence, but which doubtless did not extend far beyond it. Unlike English missionaries the Father, who especially did the honours to us, was intent upon giving us all the news he could, political and other. Had we heard the results of the English elections yet? And he hastened to give us the figures of the different parties. Had we heard recently from the distant city where we lived? Then we should be grieved to learn of a death by cholera there. He conversed pleasantly of the various distinguished travellers, who had visited his city, their routes and experiences. As he related what this one had said, what that one had done, it was only afterwards we realised that these few visits, whose incidents he touched upon, extended over a period not of months but years, some twenty years indeed, and represented all the intercourse of the *place* during that period

with the outside world. "You will never regret having come here," said he warmly, at parting; "it will furnish recollections for all your lives." "Yes! and we go away with the recollections. But you—you remain—with them." His eyes moistened. He had already been there eleven years, but he still talked as freshly of his previous experiences as if they were but of the year before. Truly a costly mission, we thought.

It was many days before we returned to the first Protestant outpost we had come across at Kiating, two China Inland missionaries and one of Mr Horsburgh's Church Mission sharing a not good Chinese house in a certainly lovely city, but without a garden, without a view, without any chapel giving on to the street, such a great desideratum in pioneering work. They showed us that ready hospitality, that is perhaps a distinguishing feature of our missions, to everything they had making us most cordially welcome. And their house, although neither good, nor it is to be feared healthy, seemed like a haven of rest after Chinese inns, with their squalor, smells, and staring crowds. The China Inland Mission had occupied the place four years. At first meeting with much opposition, and having great difficulty in getting a house at all, they now seemed generally respected and liked. The

General opposite appeared on friendly terms; two of the military A.D.C.'s, who came up with the new Governor of the province, spoke to us sympathetically of them and their work. One of the chief officials in the town had but the day before been to ask advice about his eyes. They had but one coolie to cook and serve them, one evangelist to help them in mission work. Directly the summer heat was over they had been in the habit of separating, one remaining at home, the other walking through the province, preparing people for the reception of the Gospel rather than converting them so far, but anyway breaking down prejudices. They evidently lived in the simplest possible way, rather spending their money on their evangelists and on tracts—"We try to sell them, but one must so often give them away"—than on getting little luxuries for themselves, if indeed luxuries are to be had on a doubtful fifty pounds a year, sometimes only forty pounds. But they neither spoke of small funds nor of hardship, nor did they speak feelingly of exile, but evidently thought their town the best situated, their Chinese the pleasantest possible. This is again a distinguishing feature of our missionaries; they always seem to like the Chinese. We have never heard French missionaries say they do, but often the reverse. Perhaps

this leads travellers, as a rule, to think them the more self-denying. It is doubtless more self-denying to live among people wholly antipathetic, but whether they are so or not is after all a matter of choice.

On our way to Mount Omi we were delayed in this station three days by torrents of rain and the impossibility of getting across the Ya River. One day, as it seemed better after a pouring night, we sent our headman to inquire, but he brought back word the ferry was *sealed*. Later on we saw roofs of houses, a drowned dog, etc., floating down the river, and we were told that if it did not leave off raining the authorities were going to order the people to kill no more pork, or otherwise take life. But we hoped to get away before that order came into force, for already our thermometers were thickly coated with blue mould, whilst our dog's remonstrating growls, as he turned over and over, told of a legion of fleas. All this in the inn's best room indicates without saying that the smells were trying, and we should have been glad to get away to the fresher air of the great sacred mountain of Omi, beautifully situated though Kiating is, with fine trees and green gardens occupying much of the space within its walls, with exquisite views of the mountains, as also of the three rivers that

meet here, together with tree-clad islands, red sandstone headlands, lovely pavilions, old square pagodas, not to speak of the gigantic, cliff-formed Buddha, said to be three hundred feet high. There are caves too. One we explored was two-storeyed, another a hundred feet deep, all carefully chiselled out of the living rock, over six feet high, with recesses for sleeping, for cupboards apparently, and with quite elaborately-shaped doorways in which there evidently had been ingeniously constructed doors, that allowed the air to come in and yet could not be opened from the outside.

And over against these remembrances of an otherwise forgotten age, there was this last development of modern days, this station of the China Inland Mission, with as so often now a member of the last addition to the Church Missionary Society attached to it for purposes of study and economy! Mr Horsburgh's party is expected to live upon forty pounds a year, and to have an ideal before it, that is to be accomplished on twenty pounds a year. But this last they are not sure yet is quite practicable. People who know say it could be done at Ta-chien-lu. And let people, who think missionaries come to China for what they can get, try a summer regimen of pork and chicken by way of

meat, Chinese sugar that has to be washed before it can be used, local blue-green salt and all those other delicacies, that are to be had for forty pounds a year, where carriage from Shanghai is about thrice as expensive as from England to Shanghai. And let those who think it is undertaken from a love of travel and adventure try a four years' confinement to any Chinese city of their acquaintance, for the same two young men, who started the China Inland Mission there four years before, were still stationed there.

Never before had a woman in European dress walked through the streets of Kiating, but only in one place did the people seek to annoy us; then they painted a cross on a flight of steps, fancying we should be unable to walk back over it. When missionaries first came there the people fancied they would steal their children and do all manner of dreadful things, so they used to pin crosses on to their children's clothes, thinking that Christians would not then dare to touch them. There was a Roman Catholic station there also of course, and one of the Fathers said when he first came to Szechuan twenty-eight years before, about one per cent.—certainly not more than three per cent.—smoked opium. He estimated that about a quarter of the population then did. But this was the very

lowest estimate we heard, and must, one would think, be under the mark. He seemed to think the people were killing themselves as fast as they could. Certainly anything sicklier looking than the population we encountered during the eleven days' land journey from Chungking to Kiating I hope never to see. In some places it was positively startling, the most fertile plenty all round, and then a village, or small town full of men of extraordinary pallor, sunken chests and emaciated bodies, or rather one would say emaciated ribs, for there seemed to be no bodies. The people, who were travelling along the road for pleasure, as it were, that is to say, not as beasts of burden carrying heavy loads, mostly had with them a small box, that I took at first for a new kind of Kodak, rather smaller and more solid-looking than what one usually sees. It was their opium smoking box. The children looked healthy, and even between Shidzuoka and Nagoya in Japan the crops hardly appeared so plentiful as in this region, until we came to the great salt district, with its thousands of brine wells and lofty gallows, where the gas found on the spot boils the salt and lights up the salt works. The other wonder of the road was the hillside cut into a colossal head and shoulders of Buddha just before Yung-hsien. It is so freshly gilt that it does

not look as antique as the Kiating Buddha, with hanging tufts of grass for eyebrows, and small shrubs for hair on the top of the head. That near Yung-hsien has the most claims to beauty and is in a sparkling state of restoration.

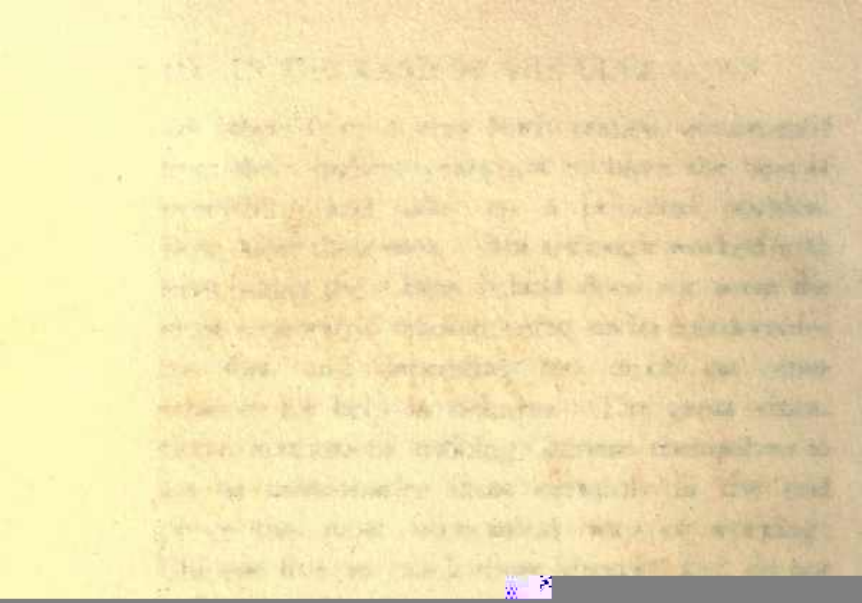
A day's journey further on at Suifu there was another station of the China Inland Mission, with again two of Mr Horsburgh's mission studying Chinese. This time the China Inland missionary represented also a wife in bed and a new-born baby. He described the people as friendly, but very unwilling to hear the Gospel, having but the day before torn down all the placards he had issued with the name of Christ upon them. He had been there not quite a year, had a good Chinese house with pleasant, light rooms for studies, as also for a school, which was very well attended. He had two shops turned into a chapel on to the street for every-day use and further back had a good-sized hall, which he said was generally full for Sunday services. Not quite a day further on we came upon another China Inland Station, in an excellent though not so well-lighted house, formerly an official residence, with a large garden and open space behind, giving on to the hills, thus avoiding all necessity for going through the streets to get to them, the more of a boon as



HEAD OF COLOSSAL BUDDHA AT KIATING, CUT OUT OF CLIFF 150 FEET HIGH—TUFTS OF GRASS FOR EYEBROWS AND MOUSTACHE, BUSHES FOR HAIR.

To face page 110.] [*By Mr Olin Cady.*

this missionary represented a wife invalided for the present, after ten years in China, and five little children. There were also several members of Mr Horsburgh's mission studying there, who had proved of valuable assistance in past illness. This station after two years and a half of work had baptised five converts, besides numbering many inquirers, but it preferred to know them for a year at least as inquirers before proceeding further. Great progress has been made in all these stations since our visit, and already the people there were described as very friendly and willing to listen. But amongst their friends they had had to bury eight from cholera during the past summer. They laughed at the idea of their not being sufficiently well fed, and certainly seemed very sufficiently well housed though only at an expense of sixteen pounds a year, which sum it must be remembered covers also the rent for schools, chapel, reception-room, etc. As to whether the place was healthy or not they seemed more doubtful, the summer had been so unusually hot. Certainly, to judge from appearance, these two last mission stations were admirably housed and quite sufficiently well fed and clothed. Amongst the members of the China Inland Mission there are some of good independent means and brilliant position in England. There



stood the packets in rows along three sides of the table; then with the help of the little boys a number of chop sticks were brought in and a dinner laid, with cups of wine all round. The farmer prostrated himself before it all and the ancestral tablets three times, having previously carefully lighted a little row of joss sticks and burnt some incense. He then very reverentially burnt some paper on the floor before the table, and poured on the floor two cups of wine; after which the whole dinner was carried away to be eaten, and the envelopes to be burnt, which they were in the evening, when they made a cheerful blaze. They had wanted us to dine with them that day, but A. did not come out till the evening, and I had visitors. The Yuen family had sent us an invitation to dinner the day before, but the servants sent back word A. was in Chungking. I as it happened was walking with a missionary, who had come out for fresh air and exercise, all over our hills from nine to one. It seemed wonderful one could do this on August 25, especially as it was sunny. But the breeze was delightful. There are many dragon flies about now, and of much more brilliant colouring than they were earlier in the summer. The grass-hoppers also are very big and numerous now. We especially admire a big green one with a

reddish head, and a broad amber stripe all down its back. The farm family has at last finished unhusking their Indian corn, the business of so many evenings past.

September 3. Last Tuesday, August 29, seems to have been the hottest day this year, and then in one sickroom in Chungking the thermometer fell from over a hundred to seventy within the twelve hours. Here it did not rise above eighty-seven, although it felt much hotter, and already by luncheon time it was getting cool. Then rose such a wind one could hardly walk against it, and next morning it felt so cold I hurried to Chungking to find the thermometer only seventy-two, heap on clothes and generally feel very chilly. The day before that I saw some tea bushes in flower, and to-day coming in rice harvest was going on merrily, the rice being beaten with a stick directly it is gathered, behind a screen in each field. Yesterday the farmer's wife came to see us in her new clothes, begging us to interfere to protect her, as the magistrate is insisting on her declaring the present whereabouts of the man, whom she had here weaving, before the robbery, and of whom she now says she knows nothing. Of course we will not, as we thought from the first he was very likely an accomplice. Every other foreigner, or Chinese dependent upon a foreigner,

who has been robbed, has either recovered the stolen articles, or been compensated for them by the local authorities, so I think we ought to get something. Yesterday I spent bargaining for counterpanes with quaint patterns in blue and white, to be used as tablecloths, and pillowcases for chair backs. A composition with the pattern drawn or stamped on it is used as a stencil plate. Then with a large brush lime is passed over the pattern. After which the cloth is dyed, and then when quite dry the white lime is brushed off. Thus the oftener they are washed the better they are said to look. I got a large tablecloth for one dollar, a third less than the man asked, but very likely too much. Some pongee silks were brought for us to see, some undyed, some dyed the most beautifully artistic shades, so that I longed to buy them all. They are about 10s. the piece of 60 Chinese feet (24 yards) of 17½ inches wide. Such are the city amusements! but out here the fresh breeze feels so invigorating as more than to compensate.

September 5. All yesterday watched two tailors putting silk wadding into the dressing-gown I am having made for a wedding present, and smoothing down the edges with dabs of cotton wadding. Then having announced that it would take eight days to finish it, the dressing-

gown was carried off and I cannot see anything to prevent them from substituting cotton for silk in the privacy of their own apartment, if the spirit so moves them. The head tailor however is a Christian, and his father before him, so he ought to be above such dishonesty. He has, however, like the equally Christian Godownman, a perfectly inscrutable face, which always makes me think the latter descended from Mohammedans; but though coming from Yunnan, where there are so many, he says he is not. We came out to the farm in the morning. The country looks rather yellow now with just stubble where the rice fields and the graceful tall millet were. The Indian corn is also all cut down, and the sunflowers, standing up tall and somewhat wide apart in groves, give the effect of a garden run quite wild. Some turnips and also some beans are already planted out, but they are barely sprouting as yet.

September 7. Yesterday went for quite a long ride along the hill-tops, round by the dwarf oak walk, and back along the hill-tops. It was extraordinary to see what places the pony carried me down; they tried my nerve once or twice, especially as the pony generally stopped at the top to see if I would get off. But it then carried me down apparently with no difficulty. Once

or twice when I made a mistake about the path the little creature tried with all its might to go the right way, although as far as I know it has only been twice before in those parts. There were biggish drops of rain most of the time, with violent gusts of wind, so that I had to take off my hat, and by the time I got home it was regularly raining. The storm only began, however, as night came on, such a violent wind the walnuts fell in showers, the children like merry grigs running in and out to pick them up. Then one of our blinds was violently blown to and broken, next a branch crashed off the walnut tree. I had to bolt all the doors to keep the draught out, the first time since we have been here that we have done more than put the doors to. The rain seemed pretty heavy, but I was relieved that it came in only in one place to the sitting-room. We have almost given up using the bedroom, except as a dressing-room, in spite of all the precautions A. has taken to make it dry and airy. Mud floors on a precipitous hillside, when it rains, are not suited to European constitutions. But I did not feel it as cold as the farm people, who looked blue, and ran about in their excitement declaring they were so cold; the children with their clothes tucked up to their thighs lest they should wet them. Jack was not

satisfied until a basket was brought him with straw, on which he straightway curled himself up inside, as comfortable as any cat, whilst the little pony was led to his stable to do likewise.

September 11. We returned to the farm again on the 9th to find the most perfect weather, bright sunshine, crisp, pure air, a pleasant breeze, and a clear blue sky. Spent almost all Saturday out on the hills. In the evening went to call on some missionaries, who, having found our air very reviving, have now taken rooms some hundred and fifty feet lower than we are, and nearer the village, but in a grander house than that we occupy and with a garden enclosed by a wall, which they happily think a great advantage. I should not like it at all, as it shuts out the breeze and shuts in the mosquitoes. Our friends were out, but the people of the house received us, as if our call were to them, the lady of the house having amber bracelets and very fine manners. Our landlord, who had formerly been her tenant, was there deeply engaged with some Christian tracts. He had seemed really interested and for a long time pursued the conversation, which a Church missionary, staying with us, began, owing to the farmer's curious mistake, thinking the three old women washing, each with a wash-tub in front of her, in Sunlight Soap's advertise-

ment were three English Buddhas sitting on lotus flowers and with high caps for glories. But besides being anxious about religion he and our hostess were voluble on the subject of the misery the officials were bringing on the district by searching for our stolen property. They quarter their runners on the various houses in the neighbourhood, and one poor man we were now told had to sell his clothes in order to provide dinner for these men. They begged us to interfere. But this is the Chinese way of forcing the people, some of whom they know must be in the secret, to give information. There was a really beautiful bush of Marvel-of-Peru in full variegated flower, and some red lilies and Marshal Niels and balsams, so the garden looked gay. A. had before by our landlord's invitation been with him to dine and *shwa* at the T'u Shan Temple. As Chinese have generally an ulterior object, he thought perhaps he was taken as a witness, for the object of the visit to the temple was to get the priests there to pay for some grain they had had from our farm. The farmer came away however unsuccessful, and took occasion to tell A. what an idle lot the priests were, and how he himself would never contribute to temples, but to good roads, bridges, free ferries and the like. A lady missionary had been spending the day with us,

and he wanted to know what her object was in coming and how much she got paid for it. A. told him, which was the truth in her case, that she was rich and got paid nothing, but only came for love of the people anxious to do them good, adding that he himself told her she had much better not come here but go home, and do good there, as the people here did not want her, and did not like her. This only to make her position intelligible to the farmer—a most difficult thing to do, for it is an incredible position to a Chinaman. But the farmer exclaimed, "Who does not like her? Only bad people. All decent people must be grateful to her for coming to help the poor people." And when she went away the farmer's wife presented her with two pomegranates off the one tree, and some fresh walnuts. Yesterday evening the farmer came in with his tract, greatly troubled; his eyes were not good and the print was too small for him to read much of it. He hoped I liked a bunch of red lilies he had brought me, and now what was Shang Ti? (Supreme Ruler). Wasn't he the same as Heaven-and-Earth and as the Lord of Heaven? The latter is the name the Roman Catholics give God in Chinese, the former the Chinese name for Him, and Heaven-and-Earth is either another name for God, or a God the Chinese thus worship.



RUINS OF ANCIENT BRONZE TEMPLE, WAN-LI, FOURTEENTH CENTURY, ON THE TOP OF MOUNT OMI.

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LIMESTONE PINNACLE.

[*By Mr Davidson.*

I only knew just enough Chinese to say Supreme Ruler and Lord of Heaven were one and the same, and created heaven and earth. "That's it," said the farmer, "that's it!" But I wish I could convey the extreme reverence with which he spoke, and the way in which he waved his hand around, as if to signify heaven and earth and all things. "Images are no good," he continued and then went on with a long diatribe against them, which I could not follow. "They are made of wood," I said hesitatingly, for I know so few words. "Yes, of wood or of clay," said he. But he was evidently anxious to have his book read to him, and I could only read isolated characters here and there, so he went off to study it by himself. He has just the same type of face as the high priest of the temple we stayed in last year on the top of the sacred Mountain of Omi, and is evidently naturally of a religious turn, and quite unsatisfied by Buddhism.

The sunset was beautiful last night, red fading into various tints of orange and yellow, a sort of Aurora Borealis, as so many nights before, sending out bunches of rays in different directions, some straight to me as I sat on a new hill-top to witness it. But to-day the disagreeables of farm life began again; I had been sitting outside, thinking how beautifully fresh and pure the air

was, and how delightful that now with a milder sun one could really enjoy out-of-door life, and not be boxed up in the house all through the daylight hours. The farm people had as usual been breakfasting outside, sitting on low benches round a very little, low table, the children sitting on the high threshold, all busy with their bowls.

But when this was over, men came with loads, and there was a great re-mixing of the liquid manure, almost as valuable for farm produce as the solid, for which last they pay a quarter of a dollar every two buckets if they have to buy it. The smell, though only in whiffs at each fresh mixing, was really too objectionable, so I went inside. In town the pigs are now said to have got swine fever, and to be dying by hundreds, so we have been cautioned not to eat pork, and handed this caution on to our servants, who, however, are quite unimpressed. The cows for the second time have gone to gaol by the magistrates' orders, as they are accused of damaging the graves, which occupy all available pasture land outside the city. There is, however, a slight doubt as to whether this is not a fable of the dairyman's in order to raise the price of milk, or account for some shortcoming. For each time that the cows are all said to be sent to prison, some people get their milk all the same.

We are beginning to wonder whether the worrying the people round so much on the plea of our stolen goods is not in order to make them object to our going on building on the land we have rented near here. Directly the robbery occurred, one missionary said he should not be surprised if it had not been done by order of the magistrate in order to say he could not undertake to protect foreigners outside the city walls. This seems too elaborate a plot. But that they should utilise the theft to make us disliked in the neighbourhood would only be natural. We hear no more of having our money returned us for the piece of land we rented last year, and have not so far been allowed to build upon, nor of our being allowed to go on building, and the three months we were to spend at this farm in order to accustom the people to us, etcetera, are nearly up. From the first, and all through, indeed, the country people have been only too friendly and cordial. It seems the country people were so to those two missionaries, who were murdered, and now they are all being tortured and ruined to make them also bring accusations against the two dead men. It makes one's blood boil to think of it; everyone, who was in friendly relations with them, is being persecuted, and the men from a distance, who killed them—paid to do so, of course—are un-

touched. I feel as if, were I the friend of the murdered men, I must ask to be tortured in the place of those poor ignorant Chinese who are being tortured out of all recognition—but I dare not think of it!

Crimson peppers and Indian corn are spread out in the sun on the threshing floor, the latter unhusked, and now being carefully raked over and over, so as to be thoroughly dried.

September 13. As we go up the mountain at the back so often, and just the last bit is so slippery, I took our strongest coolie, whom we sometimes call the savage, because he is just a great strong brute, to cut steps. There I heard the jingling of bells, and looking down from the mountain top saw some members of the Yuen family were paying us a visit, and finding us out were sitting round a table with the farm people. When I came down A. had just arrived from the town, and after admiring their ten taels' new saddle, a very handsome affair indeed, but so mounted upon their pony's back as to look very heavy, our cook brought out wine for the party. We did not know till afterwards that he had put half water with the claret, and then added sugar, both to make the wine go further, and to make it more acceptable to a Chinese palate. But for months afterwards the wine on this occasion was

always referred to as the best foreign wine they had ever tasted. There were just four glasses to hand round their party and one more for A. But our particular young friend was actually so polite as to offer his to me. I declined, but what interested me to observe was that one of the party promptly passed his glass on to the groom, who also had sat down on the same bench with him, our foreign chairs not going round for so large a party, and the groom, after having his drink, handed it on again to one of the boys of the farm, so that everyone sitting round was included. The same with some cigars A. produced. Our young friend, having examined them with much interest, declined to smoke, but one of his brothers, who had also already professed himself very ready to study English, if A. would give him lessons, smoked one for a while, then handed it on again, till it was passed from hand to hand like a Chinese pipe, each having a smoke in turn.

The married daughter of the farm, who has been working, and most beautifully, a nightdress bag for me with a marriage procession on the back in cross stitch, has developed bad ophthalmia, and now can hardly see for it. We hear it is very much about. We feel greatly concerned. Great excitement among the boys, because our

missionary friends are going to exhibit a magic lantern on Thursday evening outside the temple. We have our table covered with red Guernsey lilies now, with a few sweet-smelling orchids like monkeys' faces intermixed. We had guests to stay again yesterday. Unfortunately the dogs barked horribly at men passing by carrying coal, so that it was difficult to sleep. And to-day again they are doing something to the various cesspools, and the smell is horrible. The little boys are eating sunflower seeds, out of what look like gigantic artichokes, but are, of course, old sunflowers.

September 17. A dreadful scene just now! Everyone has come and shouted at me with much gesticulation, apparently thinking that the way to make me understand was to make me deaf, but I cannot make out what it is about, except that it has something to do with our robbery. A man in a long blue gown came first and sat down and waved his fan commandingly to all points of the compass, making such horrible faces I at last got the little camera out to photograph him. But on that he sat quite still, and became not worth taking. The mistress of the house wept, after evidently imploring my assistance; then dressed, and went across the river with the blue-gowned man and the daughter, who is married unhappily,



OUR HILLS, WITH THE BUNGALOW EVENTUALLY BUILT THERE, AND MOUNTAIN SEDAN CHAIR IN FOREGROUND.

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[*By Mrs Archibald Little.*

and was returning to her cruel husband, together with little Hae Ching, who had made a special toilette for the occasion, got his hair all combed off his face and tidily plaited with extra red cords twisted round it, together with what looked like an extra heavy basket of farm produce, chickens, sunflowers, etc. There was great regret that A. had already crossed the river, and apparently they are going to interview him in the first instance. I imagine the woman has to be cross-examined at the Yamen about the robbery, but feel the more hard-hearted, because, not having been well lately and had a difficulty about sleeping, it is very trying to be so often disturbed by the dogs, and this morning, very early, having at last got into a thoroughly comfortable sleep, I was awakened by my poor little Jack barking with great determination, and someone, who had evidently just been coming in at our door, retreating with a loud laugh—evidently someone belonging to the house. The night before everyone was up looking for thieves, one at least of whom they said was behind the house. We sleep in the sitting-room now, the earthy smell and smell from the back being too bad in the bedroom, and as there is no window—nothing but the door—one requires to keep that open, unless the night is cold, which it was not last night.

The day before this unintelligible but rather moving scene, was a beautiful day. A. came over early, and after breakfast we started with the little pony between us, and actually got as far as the Gong Gorge, going all the way along this range without ever descending, most of the time in oak and fir scrub with bracken growing thickly and a delightful odour of we knew not what, but it smelt like sweet briar. The views on either side, as we went along the table land at the top, were very fine, and we saw the Chin Fo Shan and all the mountains to the south-east well towards evening. The much-heard-of Hoa I Shan to the north, which I have only seen once all the time we have been out here, would not show up. Tarchendo had his bridle taken off and grazed beside us when we stopped, but he was still a little lame because the cook galloped him along the paved road, whilst we were in town, brought him down, and fell off, himself getting covered with bruises. When we returned here and I asked him if he had not enjoyed his holiday from work, he presented a most pitiful appearance, and afterwards it all came out. Just now, under my supervision, he has been giving Tarchendo, so-called from the Tibetan name of Ta Chien Lu, where we bought him, a cold water bandage, using one of my long blue scandal cloths for the purpose, and the little

pony looks quite smart and comfortable again with it on.

We stopped at a cottage to have some water boiled to drink, as there was no good drinking water to be got all the way along. The coolies seemed very shy of asking anywhere for it, but Kung Tao, the funny old character who attends upon the pony, and is generally led about by it, rather than leads it, is known to all the countryside, and had friends in a cottage near by. So we went there, and got a pumelow as well as hot water. Then A. had a dip in one of the head pools for irrigating the rice fields, very warm at the top and cool below, and our soldier coolie actually went in too, pronouncing it very cold.

Before we started yesterday, we saw hanging up the leg of the wild boar, which we hunted one night but did not kill. It has been killed of course whilst we have been away. So far, that seems the only piece of it forthcoming, and that was smoked when we saw it.

The missionary magic lantern entertainment had only one fault we are told, that it brought in so many people from the country round, who all stayed the night and wanted breakfast next morning. Strangely enough there was a high wind that evening, so unusual in these parts, so it could not be outside as intended, but had to take place

in the temple. As the crowd inside were all bent upon seeing, and I did not want to stand in their way, and they also smelt strongly inside a building, I soon went away, but the farm people, with whom I went to it, seem to have enjoyed it, though they are so undemonstrative it is hard to tell whether they were pleased, or simply puzzled. Hae Ching gives a very good account of the pictures and of what Jesus did and said, for in the second part the slides were illustrative of His life. I quite understand that, as people go on trying to convert Chinese and failing, they seize first one aid (?) and then another. But the exhibition of magic lantern slides illustrative of the life of Jesus, of whom they have never heard, with what to them appear very comical clothes, and doing very strange things—in a Buddhist temple too—to Chinese, does not commend itself to me.

We have got a new house and the business house is moving into it, so that we and our household will remain alone in that we at present occupy in the city. This will give us more room, and some quiet. And I hope it may save our servants from all being corrupted by the free living ways of Szechuan business men, whose one idea seems to be dinner parties and wine drinking. When A. wanted to come across yesterday, our head man-servant never came to

wait upon him. On enquiry he found he had not come in all night. When the Boy appeared, he said with the greatest calm he had been to dinner with the carpenter the night before and taken too much wine. Not a muscle of his face expressed shame or confusion. For Chinese think it rather grand than otherwise to drink much wine. The other day a very nicely-dressed, most respectable woman arrived out here to see us. She turned out to be the mother of the lame young man, who took his two very prettily-dressed little girl twins to see the dragon festival from our boat, when I went to see it, and brought them to pay their respects to me first. He is an outside business man, receiving no salary, but eating the Hong's rice, and paid commission on any business he gets. But so far he has not got any. His mother began by asking A. to give him a salary, and pay it to her, as he brought nothing home for his little girls, his wife and herself. She had been in a good way of business, but his extravagance had ruined her, forcing her to sell first one thing, then another. Then she proceeded to beg A. to employ him elsewhere, as she said he had bad associates here, who led him astray, and that he was all the time *shwa*-ing with them, instead of with his excellent business connection. A.

promised to do what he could, and in the first instance decided to exhort the young man, which he says he did with some sternness, but without making any reference to his mother's visit. Again, he said, though he watched the young man closely, having placed him in a strong light for the purpose, he found his countenance perfectly unperturbed and inscrutable.

The tailor has now finished the wadded silk dressing-gown, he has made all the alterations in it with equanimity, having started off by making it too tight everywhere, which they will think is what foreigners desire, and gradually having got it to something like Chinese looseness. But he now firmly declines to make any more foreign clothes. They give him too much anxiety, he says.

September 19. The dreadful scene is explained. When the poor farmer's wife went in two days ago she knelt before A., for the discharged weaver under torture has confessed to being the thief (people say falsely), but says he did it at the instigation of the nice, married eldest son of the farm, who lives in the city. So the eldest son, as we understand, has been thrown into prison, and she, his mother, wanted A. to say that her son had nothing to do with it. But how could he, much though he longed to do so,

for we don't believe it for a moment, and we liked him so much? So now it seems there is the married daughter almost blind with ophthalmia from working my bag, and the eldest son in prison through us too.

The head of the Twansheo (elders of the district) also interviewed A. The man who came out and gesticulated so yesterday was not a yamen runner, but the head of the family who came out to tell the news. It is considered very serious.

A quite poor woman has died at a cottage in the valley beneath us, and at night it was pretty to see lights all along the curving path for a considerable distance. People here said they were bonfires of paper, whether paper cash I do not know. Unfortunately now there are Taoist rites all night long; the music is not ugly at a distance, and to my ear rather cheery, but the dogs keep being awakened by each fresh outburst, and barking. And one wishes the poor woman could have had more fuss made about her in her lifetime instead of so much now.

September 22. There has been a great piece of work at the grand house, at which the missionaries have rooms, making cakes for the festival on the 15th of the Chinese moon. Two men with mallets four feet long, made out of

whole locust trees, were using them as pestles, one disengaging the sticky, glutinous rice off the other's mallet by a dexterous blow. Four of the good lady's tenants had come in to officiate, and a great assemblage was looking on with much fun and merriment, reminding us of the stirring of our Christmas puddings. Later on the cakes were borne in triumph by a bevy of men, and patted and flattened out into about the size of dinner plates. We had had some for supper, and uncommonly stick-jaw we found them, but I can fancy their being good eaten with sugar water when one is very hungry. At our farm there have been no merry doings, gradually everyone has abandoned the farm. The stirring mistress has been for two days kneeling and weeping in A.'s office, begging him to say her son had nothing to do with our robbery. He lent her ten thousand cash to mollify the runners' hearts, that her son might not be put into an instrument of torture, that seems to answer to the Maiden of our Middle Ages, and said in the end if she could get the head of the twenty elders of the district, who must have known him always, to testify to his character, he would send in his testimony to the Consul, and ask him to do what could be done. To-day the poor young man's very dirty, hard-worked drudge of a wife—what a thing it is



TAOIST HIGH PRIEST IN FULL CANONICALS, WITH RUI, *i.e.*, SCEPTRE, IN RIGHT HAND.

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to be a daughter-in-law in China!—has gone into town too, and the farmer himself appears no more; so now there are only the three children: bright-faced little Hae Ching, who is at school all day, and his younger brother of the horrible skin disease, who was again crying himself to sleep the other night. Besides the boys there are now only the other lodgers and ourselves. We have alarms of thieves every night; the dogs bark furiously, keeping everyone from sleeping, and there really was a robbery the night before last at the neighbouring village.

To-day A., unable any longer to bear the thought of the misery we have anyhow been the means of bringing upon these poor people, has written to the Consul enquiring if he can find out whether what we have heard is true, and asking him if so to tell the magistrate that, while of course not presuming to interfere with Chinese justice, yet if it be but a question of recovering the stolen goods he would rather renounce them for ever than bring such trouble on our hosts. The last time the farmer appeared, however, he rather puzzled us. It was two nights ago, in the evening, and I remarked at once he had been drinking wine, he was so jovial. A. could not believe it, because he said he had been dining at the T'u Shan Temple. But on inquiry it appeared

that he had had both wine and meat there. "At a Buddhist temple?" persisted A. "Why, yes!" said the farmer. "You see it is the festival of a very bad pusa" (or image). "What do you worship a bad pusa for?" "Why! we must! He is the head of all the wolves and night depredators." Then there followed a talk about the monastery we stayed at on Mount Omi, and that at the Hoa Ngai, where neither wine nor meat were allowed, and there were no bad *Pusa*, our Hupeh cook interrupting with much warmth to ask, "Did we not know the temple at Wuchang, the capital of his province, on the back of the Tortoise Hill, which was in connection with the Hoa Ngai, and where there were also no bad *Pusa?*" Then the farmer went on to say, "If you want to build on a piece of my land here at the back among the fir trees, it is beautifully cool there, and I should be glad to oblige you, you are such a kind man, and so good." "Shall you be here to-morrow?" asked A. "No, the day after." "Well, the day after I will go and have a look at it with you." He was stripped to the waist, as if it were the height of summer, to cool down after his wine drinking. There was not a word said about his eldest son in prison, nor about all the family trouble and disgrace. He has not appeared again since. And we do not know

quite what to make of the little scene. As A. says: "The time to be on your guard is when a Chinaman flatters you." It seemed an odd time to choose. The pigeons have two little ones, a great delight to the eldest boy, who is for ever clapping his hands to make his pigeons rise or come, making a sort of Æolian music through the air with the whistle fastened on to the cock's tail, which gives forth one prolonged musical note more or less acute as his flight is faster or the reverse. The pony's fetlock swelled again after our expedition on Sunday, so we have been bandaging it with cold water, tying it up again in one of my long, blue sandal cloths. The little creature seems quite to understand it, and holds up his foot to be tied up, but does not approve of having his leg handled. The weather has turned very hot and oppressive again. A. says in the city yesterday it was well up in the nineties and he thought the hottest day this summer. In the evening the clouds gathered round these hills, and we every minute expected a thunderstorm. But it passed off, and there was a lovely moonlight night again with only more wind than usual. Everywhere about the country they are burning the ground, mixing dried grass with the earth to keep it smouldering on. We sat by one of these fires at the nearest gap in our hills last night,

enjoying the smell of the burning weeds as well as the breeze and the moonlit expanse before us. But the summer is lasting very long this year, as great heat began before the middle of April. People who have lived here some years say, however, it is the coolest summer they have known here.

September 23. The farmer's wife came back last night, looking very sad; the daughter-in-law, who had only been away all day, also returned. Bright-faced little Hae Ching now sits under the walnut tree crying, the tears silently rolling down his cheeks at the thought of his brother's disgrace. They say he has been bambooed in the Yamen; also, we hear, put upon the rack. Our cook is begging us to cross the river at once, for he says there will be trouble on the country-side when this becomes known. I wonder if it has any connection with this, that the coolie we sent across the river with a note did not return, but sent a substitute, and that the Boy has not come back. But this may simply be on account of the feast on Sunday. All the elders of the district are invited to dinner to-morrow, and A. wrote another letter to the Consul, but decided not to go in, so as to be present at the dinner here, and say he has done what he could to get the eldest son off. We feel too sad even to talk over things now. This

morning there was black mist over Chungking, a dull, overcast day, and of course cooler. A. and I have been practising with revolvers. The elders are going by to dinner. Everything seems sad, such a contrast from the brilliant, sunshiny day on which we gave our grand dinner on arrival. We had meant to give another, but just as we were about to send out invitations our landlord's son was thrown into prison, and we felt it inexpedient.

September 24. Another dull day with mist on all the mountain tops, but not such a black, heavy cloud as yesterday. After long, long waiting, probably because it was one of the three great settling days of the Chinese year, the dinner came off. The elders were all most polite to A., said they knew he was a very good man, and that it was no fault of his. They brought a paper, which they were all signing, to testify to the goodness of the farm family on both sides, father's and mother's. Both families had been settled here for a hundred and fifty years and were well-known. On the other hand the weaver was a very bad character, known to be so, whom the farmer's wife had only engaged out of compassion for his mother, a widow living in the valley below, who had two sons, and unfortunately both bad. Our cook after the dinner, at which he seemed to be hugely enjoying himself, when A. left, asked leave

to go across the river to testify that the eldest son was not over here at the time of the robbery. The farmer's wife was serving at the dinner, weeping before each elder in turn. The farmer himself, although an elder, was not able to be present. The married daughter, whose eyesight has gone, was here beforehand, with her poor, sore, running eyes, weeping and kneeling: "Release my brother."

Went for a ride in the afternoon, and, while sitting on a hill-top reading the disputes in England over the Home Rule Bill, the two coolies thought it very pleasant to sit on another, and as the little pony had been rolling about on a bank of bracken with his saddle on, they took the saddle and bridle and bells off. Tarchendo then rolled to his heart's content, at which we all laughed. After that he grazed contentedly for a while, till the idea entered his head at last that he was loose, and might as well go home. Off he went, and as soon as he got into the path he set off cantering, and I expected to see him no more till I should find him tied to his habitual tree. The old man, evidently with the same idea, loaded himself with saddle and bells to carry home, but at the very steep turn of the road the soldier coolie caught the pony and brought him back, delighted to be of use once more. Met a

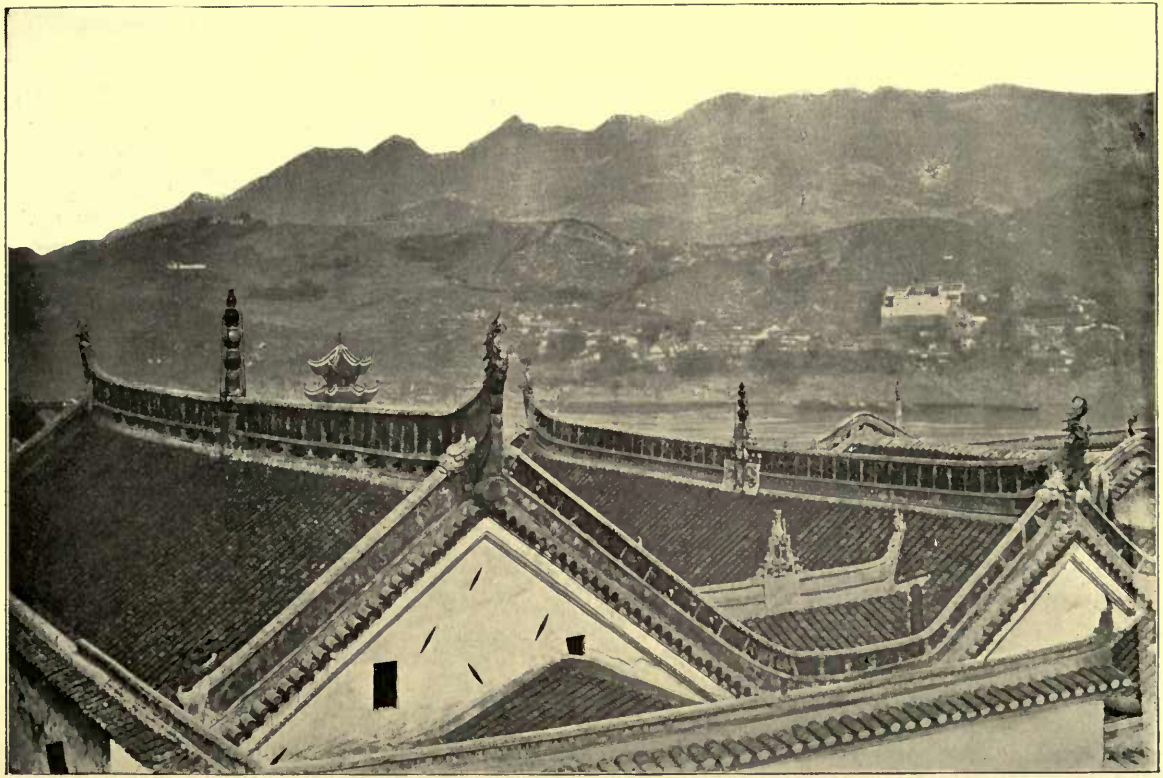
great flock of ducks—about a thousand—waddling along the road in three detachments on the way home. Persimmons are in season now, and pears lasting on. As a rule fruits seem only to be in season for one week in Chungking. We have also had chestnuts three times now, and little green oranges are being handed about, which our Boy says are "all the same lemons." Their skin has a delicious fragrance.

September 25. Where the Indian corn and tall millet waved, when we arrived three months ago, now all the ground has been dug up to receive the poppy seed. They are but waiting for the rain to fall to put in it. Each day looks more threatening than the last, and each night a few drops fall as if the heavy black sponge above us were squeezed by an invisible hand, but so far the rain holds off. This time last year we were floating down the rapids of the river from Kiating in rain every day. It must come soon, and we only regret Chungking has not been washed out before we go into it. People have had the thermometer ninety-seven in their rooms more than once this last week, and say it has been the most trying of all the summer.

Nothing could be done for Hae Ching's brother yesterday because of the festival; but there was no one here to do reverence before the

ancestors' tablets, and I do not know what has become of all the letters little Hae Ching was directing, instead of his brother in prison, this time. But I went to see the D.'s in the afternoon, and found their table all spread for dinner, two incense sticks burning in the censer. The eldest son of their house came in and reverenced, and in this case raised each pair of joss sticks to a level with his eyes, which I had not seen done before. Then the feast was carried off to some back precincts to be eaten. It was a little distressing presently to see all the young men and even boys coming away with such very swollen, flushed faces and watery eyes, telling plainly of the strong drinks of which they had partaken. And when walking through the village this seemed pretty general. "All the same your Christmas time" a Chinaman would say, however.

Our coolies asked yesterday whether we wanted them to come in and salute us in the proper Chinese fashion at this season, and were we also going to present them with five hundred cash a-piece. The way the two questions were put together was highly comic. After a little consultation we decided upon a thousand cash or three shillings between the three, and I said they certainly ought to salute us according to the Chinese etiquette. So they came in and knocked their foreheads on



VIEW FROM OUR DRAWING-ROOM IN CHUNGKING CITY, ACROSS THE ROOFS OF A GUILD HOUSE AND THE GREAT RIVER, SHOWING THE OTHER SIDE AND ONE RANGE OF LIMESTONE HILLS.

To face page 189.] [*By Mrs Archibald Little.*

the floor. The Boy, who had been trained in "barbarian" Shanghai, could not of course think of doing such a thing.

October 6. The business house has been moving into new premises. On the day it moved a fire was piled up high in our largest charcoal pan. This was tied between two bamboo poles, the fire lit, and then carried through the streets like a sedan chair. I am told when a house is bought the principal beam is taken out of the roof, and a new one put in, lest the owner should be held responsible for any debts contracted by the former possessor, and the like. In the evening the scene was very pretty. In the new house there is courtyard beyond courtyard, and there were innumerable Chinese lanterns and lamps hanging, and pots full of flowers; the chairs all covered with red cloth embroideries, a red rug on the floor in the end room of all, and deep red kakemonos hanging all round on the walls, presented for the occasion. Everyone connected with the Hong was in full dress, high boots, long satin overcoat reaching to the boots, official cap with red tassel. They all came and bowed before A., very solemnly stretching their clasped hands down to their knees, then raising them quickly up to their mouths. To my surprise they came into the inner private office, into

which I had retired, and had the politeness to repeat the same ceremony before me. There were artistes from the various theatres singing in their peculiar fashion, once or twice rather agreeably, I thought, but often in what sounded like a series of harsh and yet harsher groans, oftenest of course in their favourite high falsetto. And there were many guests, all of whom sat down to supper at little tables scattered about. That was on the 29th September. Now for four days there is a dinner and theatrical performance going on at the Hunan and Hupeh Guild, the finest in the city. Yesterday about ninety sat down to dinner, and I fancy there were all the principal merchants there; the head of the eight guilds, a venerable man with a white beard, said to be eighty-nine, but looking in very good case for seventy-two, sat in the place of honour. People were invited for one or two, but I think the guests hardly arrived before four, all in official dress. The dinner was about six, and one of the most interesting sights was to see one of the head men in the business go round to each guest in turn, bowing solemnly in the aforementioned manner, which the guest returned in like style, and then conducting him at least part of the way to his assigned table, pausing in going to pour out a glass of wine, and offer it before the altar, also

the chop sticks. Before that began he poured out two libations, one before and one behind, and at the same time there was a great explosion of crackers, and a sort of tom-toming. Slow music was played, and the actors, who took female parts, now came round in red robes to pour wine for the guests. Meanwhile all the guests and people of the Hong stood in a crowd at either side watching. Till then they had sat at little tables, sipping tea and smoking, till the light refreshment before dinner came in the shape of two dumplings stuffed with forced meat and two stuffed with sweets, also a bowl of soup. The entrance of the more distinguished guests was also rather amusing, for they went round to table after table, making the ceremonious bow and smiling all over.

I sat in a side box with screens all round, the wife and children of the head man keeping me company. It was amusing to see her intense delight when she saw her husband conducting the people to their seats. She had five jackets on, and a pretty tea-green silk overskirt. She and her boys were very lively, the youngest, only four, was always inviting me to drink wine with him in the most solemn manner. The native wine is very mild, and the cups very small, but I fancy this precocious child would be better without it. The actors both days dis-

played a board with the five Happinesses upon it, turned in my direction, directly I appeared, although I was supposed not to be seen. They came and asked A. which play they should act. They had an enormous ivory tusk covered with names; he chose one, and they put it on at once. Of course there is no scenery. But a great variety of fine clothes has to be got out: and what memories they must have to know so many pieces so well as to need no preparation! The populace stood below in the courtyard, enjoying the spectacle for nothing, and very much they seemed to do so. One man had brought his basket in, and stood it in front of him. Suddenly there was he tearing after another man, who was attempting to run off with it! No one else moved in the crowd, they were all so absorbed in the play. The opening piece yesterday was supposed to be appropriate to the occasion, about a fisherman so kind he would only fish with straight hooks. If the fish were fated to be killed he would catch them, not otherwise. So the Emperor distinguished him, and raised him to high place and he surrounded the throne with none but good men and true.

To-day the audience mostly dealt in drugs, and the piece was laughable. Meanwhile the poor eldest son of the farm never gets out of

prison. His mother comes again and again, and yesterday got another ten thousand cash lent her, and to-day our cook was ever so long at the magistrate's yamen, but it seems some one must go bail and the person willing to do that has not yet been found.

October 15. Mr R. was to bring his two little boys to breakfast at eight o'clock this morning, but though we waited half an hour we had long ago finished when they appeared. Breakfast was brought back, but they also had long finished, when a most elegant apparition came curtseying through the courtyard, their eldest sister of thirteen, a really very pretty girl in her to-day's toilette, with bright brown eyes, and a graceful, alert step, in spite of tiniest feet. But then the young woman was rouged and powdered, and her lips coloured; all her hair in a twist on the top of her head stuck all over with very pretty pins, made of imitation pearls and blue jay's feathers, with a cap (or bonnet) all round it, jay's wings and jewels ornamenting this, gold pins fastening her hair at the back, three bandeaux of artificial flowers round her forehead, whorls of them at the side and a very pretty disposition of them down the back of her head and neck. She wore a lovely rose brocade over-jacket with black satin collar, a mauve under-jacket, which did not show,

and trousers of a rather richer rose, all embroidered too. Her little sister of six was only a little less elegantly dressed, and with her cap and long black silk tassels hanging either side of her face looked like the most charming doll, when I made her lie back in one of our chairs covered with a goatskin rug, and play at going to sleep. The youngest brother, who is evidently the pride of the family, had the same *criarde* combination of colours as usual: rose-coloured satin hat, purple coat, red trousers, and his hair cut short like a priest's.

A few mornings ago A. was surprised by a visit from two gentlemen, whilst we sat at breakfast. One was number-four young master of the Yuen family, our country neighbours, the other an ex-official, just returned from Peking. It seemed they actually wished to see me, so they were brought upstairs. And the ex-official after a little while said it would be so nice if I would give his sons instruction in English. I asked what age they were. It appeared there were two, of twelve and fourteen. I laughingly said, "Perhaps they would be afraid of me." "Oh, no!" Finally I agreed, thinking as we were soon going away that would break it off if tiresome. To my horror I found then that he proposed that they should come and live in our

house, as his home was out by the Hoa Ngai Monastery, where we stayed last year, about a day's journey from here. I said, "Perhaps they would get into mischief—English boys would! Perhaps they would break things." The father, a nice-mannered man with a very grave, gentle face, seemed greatly shocked at this idea. But he said, if I liked, he would take a room for them in an inn, and send them here each day for an hour to learn English. They must be pursuing their Chinese studies all day long and could not consequently get into any mischief. With this he went away, and so far I have heard no more about my two young men, whom I was apparently to teach for the pleasure of doing so. A. however really has undertaken Mr S.'s nice elder son, who is to make himself useful in his office—if he can. The little fellow of five, who never speaks, is actually said already to know two thousand Chinese characters. It is terrible to think of.

I went over to see the new Hong by daylight the other day. They could not pay me much attention, because, taking me over it, someone's eye was caught by a door opening on to an outside porch, commanding a fine view all over the river. The door from this to the house was right in the middle of it, and of the house, thus,

as they said, affording most easy access to the demons. And everyone was full of suggestions as to what should be done, for obviously no one could expect to make money in a house with demons walking straight in whenever they liked. I recommended a leaf-shaped door, as so particularly curly-whirly, but was evidently considered frivolous. So I went on to see the part of the house we may eventually occupy. It is inhabited now by four Chinese families with *such* a number of women, so dirty and draggled-looking; one, the principal one, with a big wen upon her forehead. But anything to equal the magnificence of their carved and gilded bedsteads I never did see! They have a raised ledge at the side, very convenient to lay the quilt on, when out of use, or any extra coverings. At the other side, that towards the room, are two seats, one at the bed-head, one at the foot. On these the Chinese sit whilst dressing and undressing, laying their clothing mostly on the bed as extra covering. All two sides of the room were lined with cupboards, black lacquered with drop handles. Seats without backs were placed against these, all the length of them; there seemed no place for doing anything. And everything except the furniture looked so squalid and dilapidated I do not know how we can ever live there. But the Hong says

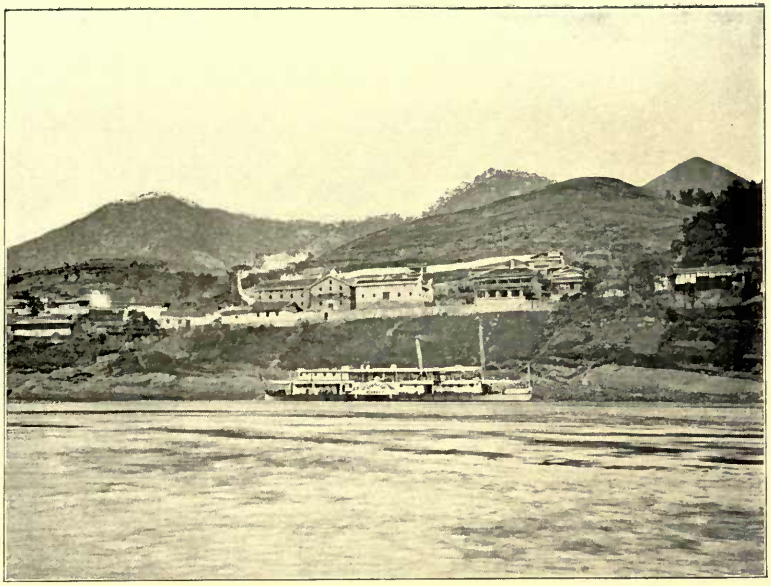
the house could be done up for a small outlay, and has a little garden, an immense advantage.

The Hong, greatly to my surprise, has set its heart on my staying here when A. has to go down river, keeping the seals and the money, and generally managing the business. They seem to think this quite natural, and what a Chinese lady would do.

. . . . .

Nikko, Japan, August 3, 1894. Thus abruptly and somewhat sorrowfully my farm diary, begun with such a light heart, came to an end. Perhaps it was owing to blood-poisoning from all those dreadful smells—the doctor said it was—perhaps it was grief over the distress we had brought on others—it well might have been!—anyhow I wrote no more. And yet, even in China things come rather right in the end. One day a most wretched-looking, emaciated, red-eyed, disfigured creature threw himself in the dust before me, and knocked his head against the ground repeatedly. I hurried away from him, because there were the farmer and his wife asking A. to sit down and drink wine with them to celebrate the release of their son from prison, and I wanted to congratulate them, and ask how he was; then with a sudden horror realised that the wretched creature, who had just knelt before me, had once been the

strong, hearty man, who used always to call out in such loud, cheery tones: "Is it cool enough for you, T'ai t'ai?" on his frequent visits to his parents' home. We felt then, seeing him, we could not take part in the feast of congratulation. But he is a Chinaman. And since then he seems quite to have got over his torture in the yamen. Our things have been recovered. The thieves have been exhibited in four cages outside the farmhouse, and the honour of the farm family is intact once more. Our big brute of a coolie disappeared without his wages one day. He was the most powerful man I have come across in these parts. But he had stolen someone's jacket. And though it was recovered, he returned no more. Our cook has married a Szechuan woman after all, in spite of all his wise saws, the farmer's wife playing the part of middle woman. A new building site in the mountains has been given us, and we have also built ourselves a dwelling-house in the country on the river bank, and thus ends all likelihood of our again living in a Szechuan farmhouse. The homely details of our doings may, however, have some interest for those, who like to realise that that great division of the human race, called Chinese, consists not only of Chinamen but of real men and women with simple wants and wishes not after all so unlike our own.



OUR NEW PROPERTY ON THE RIVER BANK.

Moored beneath the house is ss. *Pioneer*, the realisation of my husband's plans and labours of many years, first passenger steamer to arrive at Chungking (June 20, 1900, the day the German Minister was murdered in Peking), and since converted into H.M.S. *Kinsha*.

[*By Mrs Archibald Little.*



CHINESE LITTLE BOYS. [*To face page* 198.

CHAPTER XII

ANTI-FOREIGN RIOTS IN WESTERN CHINA

IT is a question whether the true story of the Szu-chuan riots of 1895 will ever be known. No inquiry has ever been made into any of the previous riots on the Yangtze—for to a Chinese inquiry no one who has resided in China would attach any importance. It invariably results in the beheading of a few needy coolies, a condemnation of the behaviour of the foreigners, especially if they have been killed and cannot speak for themselves, the persecution of all those who have stood their friends, and the removal—*i.e.*, promotion—of the local officials. Ordinary Chinese—that is, the man in the street and his like—said these riots were neither anti-Christian nor anti-foreign, but all to "let the Emperor know and Japan man know," but especially the Emperor, "that China man, he no likee—too muchee cross." Well-informed foreigners said much the same—that it was all a bit of party politics, the Hunan men, represented to us in England by the late Marquis Tseng, who were then out of power, wanting to

turn out the Ngan-hui men, Li Hung Chang and his gang, and adopting these means of getting them into difficulties. The Hunan men, who may be called the patriotic party, are naturally anti-foreign. It may be remembered the late Marquis Tseng could never return to Hunan after his friendliness with English people in England.

Whatever was the cause, somebody put out placards towards the end of May, 1895, and the walls of Chentu all over the city bore this legend: "Notice is hereby given that at the present 'foreign barbarians' are hiring evil characters to steal small children that they may extract oil from them for their use. I have a female servant named Li who has personally seen this done. I therefore exhort you good people not to allow your children to go out. I hope you will act in accordance with this."

Now in judging of after events it must be remembered that to a Chinaman there is nothing incredible about this anonymous placard. Even the most enlightened Chinamen, educated in America, and at the head of large industrial concerns, will maintain stoutly, "The Roman Catholics do not have such high walls and closed doors for nothing"; whilst a manservant of a most superior kind, who had spent all his life in English (chiefly Consular) employ, on being asked

by his mistress, *apropos* of similar reports on another occasion, "Surely you do not believe them; you know master and me; you can't believe master would take out small children's eyes?" drew a long breath, and then honestly replied, "My no savee." All through China it is generally believed foreigners take out children's eyes, and extract oil for photographs and worse purposes.

On the afternoon of May 28 the Canadian Methodist Mission premises at Chentu were attacked. They happened to be nearest the throwing of the plums, a yearly ceremony, that in Chentu takes the place of the dragon-boat festival elsewhere. A member of the Church Mission had come in from his outlying station, a five days' journey, to have his teeth attended to, and both he and the doctor were weary after the operation, when they found themselves suddenly confronted by an angry Chinese mob. Canadians, like Americans, always have firearms handy, whilst most English missionaries, brought up from childhood in highly-policed England and unaccustomed, think it wrong to have recourse to them. The two doctors drove the crowd back once; then, having put the ladies into comparative safety in the hospital compound next door, they once more kept the gate for nearly two hours, with their arms visible but not used, whilst they sent to the

officials for help. Then a few yamen runners and unarmed soldiers stepped out and said they would disperse the mob, on which the doctors went to join their wives and children, and at once the mob swept past the yamen runners and began destroying everything. The missionaries next tried to hide under some timber, but a Chinaman warned them they would thus be burned to death. Then, finding the back gate besieged, they fired a shot over the people's heads, through the top of the gateway. This was a most fortunate idea, for it not only dispersed the people for a while, but also gave a means of exit.

For now the missionaries found they must leave the premises, and through the hole made in the gate crept out four adults and four very small children. They sought refuge, but no one would give it to them, and they went down the street amid cries of "Beat them to death." But these cries are common in China; we in the interior are mostly hardened to them. The fugitives then tried to get into some barracks, but the soldiers drove them away, one of them kicking one of the ladies; then they made their way to the city wall, all but the Church missionary, who, taking a wrong turning in the dark, got separated from the others and eventually reached the China Inland premises, and one of the children, who was also lost for a

time. The others were on a city wall till about midnight, and from there, shoeless, and not knowing what might not happen next, they watched their compound burning. In the small hours of the morning chairs were sent to them and took them to the China Inland Mission, where they rejoined Mr Jackson, having also regained the missing child, brought back to them by a servant from another part of the city. There also they were joined by the Rev. G. Hartwell and the ladies of the China Inland, both of whose houses were already destroyed. The people in the street said to the members of the China Inland, "You have been here over ten years and have done good; no one will touch you here." The mob, however, began to collect, and one of the number went to the yamen to give notice. One of the American Methodist Episcopal Mission had already, at 3 a.m. on the 29th, taken a box round to the magistrate's yamen, asking him at least to take care of their things for them, but had had to take it away again, being assured they were quite safe. This did not, however, prevent all the foreigners in Chungking from meeting there the next morning, with everything destroyed but what they stood up in. Again the unfortunate Canadians, now accompanied by the China Inland, had to escape by the back, whilst the mob surged in at

the front over the barricaded doors. This time they got over the back wall by ladders into a small house, and by giving thirty taels (about four pounds) to three brothers of the household, obtained a hiding-place within the mosquito curtains of a bed in a back room. The party consisted of some six adults and several children. All the foreign children in Chentu were under three years old; and the great difficulty was to keep these children quiet. For three hours in the terrible heat of a very early Chinese summer, they were thus all hidden together, not daring to speak above a whisper, whilst their premises were being looted and destroyed within a few feet of them. The man of the house drew his bed in front of the door and lay on it, smoking opium, and the women of the house went on with their usual work, as though nothing had happened, till at last it was dark enough for the whole party to be taken in chairs to the yamen, except one man, again missing.

The latter had found his way into a Chinese doctor's house, and there the bright idea was conceived of passing him off as a patient. He was muffled up in a red and blue Chinese hood, then with large Chinese glasses, and leaning on the shoulders of two men, he was supported to the door, and there, in the very midst of the destroy-

ing mob, put into a chair. The chair coolies were warned that he was a man so sick he must die within the year, and therefore the curtains must be kept closely drawn that not a breath of air might touch him before they delivered him in the magistrate's yamen. Thus he too got safe away.

The Americans, only about three hours after their return from the yamen, having been refused protection for their valuables, had to escape over their side boundary wall. Had they gone over their back wall they would have found themselves in the hands of naked robbers, as did their native helper, who had to pay ten taels, or over a pound, to get away. Hidden in a loft, they all actually watched the destroying, carrying off, and burning of their property—one a bride only eleven days arrived—until at last the dreadful day was over, and half the night; for not until 1 a.m. did the authorities think it safe to take them to the yamen.

Just after Mass on May 29 the Roman Catholics received a letter saying that all foreigners were to be attacked. The Bishop applied to the Viceroy by letter, his yamen being next door. Receiving no answer he went to the Tartar General's yamen, meaning to ask for a hundred soldiers. He was not allowed to enter, but

received with insults and stoned. "Afterwards my chair was overturned and my bearers beaten. I was obliged to get away as best I could, under a hail of stones, many of which struck me. As I was making off, a mandarin amongst the crowd tried to strike me with an axe, and had the blow taken effect it would have shorn my head off. I was hurt and bruised about the body and my head was cut, nor was my protector (a petty official) without many injuries from stones and sticks. After a time he succeeded in escorting me safely to a small yamen. During my absence from the mission, which was but of short duration, the mob destroyed the Catholic premises. It was all over so quickly that the Fathers had time to save nothing but a few papers, everything being over in an hour and a half, when all the furniture was broken and the various establishments were completely looted; while yet the buildings were standing, some mandarins appeared on the scene and easily persuaded the mob to desist and go away; but the rioters returned in a few minutes and completed their work by pulling down the buildings. While this was going on the Viceroy himself passed and called out to the mob, 'You can pull down what you like and rob what you like, but do not burn anything est you should set fire to the neighbours' houses.' Hearing this,

some friends of ours and honest men among the crowd gave up the efforts which up till this moment they had been making on our behalf, and went away. During the destruction of our property the tomb of Monseigneur Dufresse, one of our bishops who was decapitated by the Chinese seventy years ago, was broken into. The skeleton of the martyr was torn from its resting-place, and the poor bones were carried about the streets by the mob for the purpose of further infuriating the people against us, the rioters crying, 'See, here are the bones of some of the people the missionaries murdered; we have just taken them from under the foreign devils' houses.' Orphanages, churches, and all our houses were destroyed. There is now not one stone left standing on another.

"At 3 a.m. on the 30th we were all taken in chairs to the yamen, where we found eighteen English and American missionaries, including ladies and children, who were all, like ourselves, poor people, beggars, without anything left to them in this world. The mandarin there was sufficiently polite, but the accommodation was horribly insufficient. Here we all remained till 1st June, when we were taken to the Prefect's yamen, from which I am now writing to you."

Thus, thirty-one foreigners, British, American

and French, were together on May 30 and 31, all homeless and destitute. A telegram was sent to the British Consul at Chungking, and the news got through to Peking. Otherwise what further might not have happened to them? Directly the Viceroy heard of the telegram he sent to the operators to stop it—happily too late. After that foreigners were told the wires were broken. Meanwhile, what with the bones of the Roman Catholic bishop and the blood of a fowl someone had killed and sprinkled on the walls, the people were kept in a frenzy of excitement, till they threatened to wreck the yamen and kill the foreigners.

Worse than this, a beggar boy was brought to the yamen with his tongue cut out, and this was said to be the work of the missionaries. The boy's tongue being cut out he could tell no tales. No mere mob would have ventured on this act of brutality. Tins of milk were shown about the streets, said to contain the brains of young children pounded up, on which the missionaries battened. In the midst of all this one of the ladies was prematurely confined. There was a plethora of medical assistance within the yamen, but not a drug, not a rag, not even a pin amongst them. Then by one of the most extraordinary chances one of the doctors, allowed to go out,

saw a man passing by with his hands all white and a bottle. It was carbolic, carried off from the doctor's own hospital, and the man having burnt his hands with it was glad to sell it. Humanly speaking, but for this carbolic the poor lady could not have survived, the heat being so abnormal as it was that June in the west of China. It was all the medical stores the whole party had for the next three weeks.

It was on May 29, whilst the burning and sacking were in full swing, the Taotai Cheo put out the following proclamation with his name :— "At the present, we have obtained clear proof that the foreigners deceive and take small children. You soldiers and people must not be disturbed and flurried. When the cases are brought before us we certainly will not be lenient with them." On the 30th the following anonymous placard appeared: "At the present time, when Japan has usurped Chinese territory, you English, French, Americans have looked on with your hands in your sleeves. If in the future you wish to preach your doctrine in China you must drive the Japanese back to their own country, then you will be allowed to preach your Holy Gospel throughout this country without let or hindrance." And on the 30th, at last the Governor-General put out his proclamation :—

"I, the Governor-General, have heard that yesterday at the 'Twan-yang' feast, according to the custom of the province, crowds of men and women assembled to witness the scattering of fruit, also that foreigners having gone to witness it (this was not true, none had) trouble was caused and the chapels were destroyed. It is certain that evil characters have been stirring up trouble in order to steal and rob.

"You, my good people, should each follow his own vocation, and should you have any grievance you may petition the officials of the two districts, Chentu and Hwa-yang, and I will justly decide without any partiality. You may by no means recklessly help forward these evil men and get yourselves caught in a net. Let them be punished by the law! For those who assemble evil characters let there be no leniency."

On the 31st, when it is to be assumed he had heard from Peking, martial law was proclaimed. "Whereas a number of evil characters have assembled, scattering evil rumours, I have already memorialised the Emperor, and you may put them to death without discussion."

Not till eleven days after the riots were the missionaries allowed to leave the yamen. Then the British and Americans were conducted, again at one o'clock in the morning, to the

Min River, two or three officials and six small boatloads of soldiers going with them as escorts. One of the China Inland Mission had telegraphed to the British Consul at Chungking for permission to remain in Chentu. But the officials had refused to send the telegram.

The Church Missionary, Mr Jackson, was most carefully escorted back to his station, dressed as a Chinese official, with official cap, long boots, etc., and given a grand chair, which he was requested never to leave, also so grand an escort that it nearly caused a commotion when he arrived. He was given dark spectacles, requested to dye his moustache, and his escort were told, if asked who he was, always to answer, "A Chinese official going to meet the incoming Viceroy." For one of the peculiarities of the position was that the Viceroy Liu, one of Li Hung Chang's special friends, was already, when all the trouble occurred, degraded, and his successor expected. The boat party from Chentu reached Chungking safely, and arrived at Ichang just about a month after they had been driven out homeless. Some man-of-war is generally at Ichang, a thousand miles up the Yangtze; but there was none even there then.

On Sunday, June 2, the houses of the Church Mission and the China Inland were attacked at

Kwan Hsien ; a few things were stolen, but help arrived from the yamen. At Sin Tu Hsien a house belonging to missionary ladies was attacked ; they escaped by the back door, but no one would take them in. At first the magistrate would do nothing, but at last he dispersed the mob, and the ladies, according to the latest news, were living with a guard.

Three ladies of the China Inland were visiting at Kiong-cheo, where the large Roman Catholic premises were wrecked. A man stepped out of the crowd, and beginning to sharpen a large knife he carried on the flat stone at the ladies' door, he forbade the people to touch them, saying they were good women, and at last so cleared the people away that one of the ladies with a Chinese woman ventured to the yamen to ask for assistance, but only to be refused admittance. The Chinese woman on this set up a loud crying, and said they would die there before the door if refused protection, they would never go away, till at last they were let in, to find the magistrate trembling with fear. The man with the knife, meanwhile, got chairs for the other ladies, and three of the rioters escorted them to the official's residence.

On June 4, at Kiating, the lovely city where join the waters of the rivers Tung, Ya and Min, the latter coming down from Chentu, the three

houses of the Church Mission, American Baptist Mission, and China Inland were looted and partially destroyed, also the Roman Catholic Mission. The ladies again escaped over the wall at the back, but some of the men were very roughly handled. Two members of the China Inland, with their young child, were in the country at the time; they heard of a plot to kill them, so thought it prudent to return. On arriving at Kiating the captain of their boat ordered them to leave it. They then found a man with a drawn sword at the door of the cabin. Everything was taken from them, and no house would receive them; thus hand in hand the father and mother, with their little child, had to run the gauntlet of the howling crowd, to find their mission premises a wreck, and be taken in by the charity of three old women, who kept them safe till it was dark and they could rejoin the other foreigners in the yamen.

At Lu Chow the China Inland premises were damaged and broken into, but not destroyed. At Sui-fu, where the three rivers that meet at Kiating join the great Yangtze, a very important city, the officials by their prompt action stopped the riot after the houses of the American Baptist Mission had been destroyed and they had escaped in boats. Some of the China Inland

Mission tried to remain, but when the magistrate told them he could no longer protect them either in his yamen or elsewhere they also got into boats. And here a most unexpected and pleasant meeting occurred. The American Baptist missionaries at Ya-cheo, the centre of the great brick trade with Tibet, finding all their communications were cut, and thinking that as soon as the news of the Chentu riot reached Ya-cheo a riot was likely to break out there too, thought it wisest to try to put their women and children in safety. In the small hours of the morning they stole away like culprits from the sleeping city they had entered with such high hopes not quite a year before, and with an armed guard got on to one of the bamboo rafts, that are the only means of descending the extremely pretty river Ya. On their way down they passed one and another Roman Catholic station being destroyed. Arrived at Kiating, they found all the missionaries still afraid to leave the yamen, and had already suffered such rude treatment from their own guard, one of them having been attacked indeed by a soldier with a big stone, that they were delighted to find the opportunity of changing from their raft into a boat without anyone knowing anything about them. But now arrived at Sui-fu they dared not moor there

several Chinese coming up river having warned them not to do so, and yet their boat could not venture on the great Yangtze, when suddenly someone espied a large boat on the other side of the stream. This turned out to contain the China Inland missionaries of the place, who were just as relieved as those from Ya-cheo, as the one set could not proceed for want of ready money, the others for want of a boat. And the meeting was the more fortunate, as presently armed boats came off and attacked them, but on being confronted with a Winchester in the hands of a determined American soon cleared off again. These armed men would not have been let off so easily had the fugitive party known, what was the truth, that when the American Baptist Mission took to their boats, leaving one of their number behind with money and supplies for those coming from further up river, the single man thus left behind unarmed had been attacked by these armed men and stripped not only of everything he had for the others, but everything he had himself; his life had been threatened, and for some time he had hung on underneath his boat whilst the Chinese prodded for him with long spears.

The British Consul recalled the lady missionaries from Lu-chow, and the magistrate sealed up

their door and put a guard in front, as also at the Roman Catholic premises.

The Roman Catholics heard in very early days that their priests had been driven out of twenty stations in the province, their churches destroyed, and that in many cases their Chinese Christians were being plundered. At Pen Shan and at Sin King their missions were wrecked, as also their large college about ten miles from Sui-fu. From some of the more distant places it must take some time for them to hear.

CHAPTER XIII

FURTHER ALARMS OF RIOTS

IN July 1895, when we heard the Taotai, who had so determinedly adopted every means within his power of enforcing order, was summoned to Peking, when we saw the grand arches at the Gate of Great Peace to welcome the Viceroy coming from Chentu, and did not know who might not come in his train, but knew that Chentu was once again placarded with anti-foreign placards, although there was no longer a foreigner there, we felt as if we had good reason to feel afraid. The examinations were to begin in five days. People said, though it seems incredible, that twenty thousand students or thereabouts might be expected. That means at least sixty thousand men, mostly between nineteen and thirty, might be expected in Chungking in the course of the next few days, counting them and their attendants. Many of them would, of course, be believing the bad reports that had been lately placarded about foreigners, many must be at least a little excited by the thought of how

American and English men had scuttled and run before them. It must be conceded we nations of the West had hardly taken up a dignified position in the west of China, and that it would be hard for any Government to ensure order amongst such a band of new-comers, men who had heard all about the riots, and could not thereby have been led to feel more afraid of foreigners.

There was, however, the proclamation :—

"Whereas a number of evil characters have assembled scattering evil rumours, I have already memorialised (the Emperor) and you may put them to death without discussing (the matter)." Thus under the protection of Chinese martial law we read quietly that there was *no idea* even of England's sending us any assistance nearer than Ichang, a month's journey away. Nor would there have been any need for protection had the British government, when opening this port, asked what then the Chinese were most ready to grant, that there should be a concession set apart for foreigners, they saying that it would be easier to protect them thus, as is most obvious. We on on the other hand wished for a concession, because if but a few of us lived together, we could protect ourselves. As it was, there was no talk even of defending women and children in Chungking, should anything occur, the women, feeling

long before that they would but handicap the men, had all made ready to go down before martial law was proclaimed. The children no longer came to school, the sick no longer came to the dispensaries, everyone shunned them except their few trusty Chinese, who implored them to fly while there was yet time. It may be fancied how each mission called its committee, settled which man was most needing a change, and had therefore better go down in charge of the ladies, and how the poor ladies packed, selecting which treasures must be left for the mob. Of course, in every case the senior missionaries were to remain, and equally of course their wives had to settle who were to share boats, and what each should take when they started next morning, and then arrived the weekly prayer meeting. Already there had been those terrible weeping adieux of the Chinese Christians and inquirers, the friendly few. Very little was said at the prayer meeting—people felt too much, "for we knew we should think a riot was happening, and our husbands in danger all the time, if we went away and left them," said one lady. "So I was afraid to speak to Mrs——, because I knew she was feeling the same, and we sat side by side and said nothing to each other, till at last she said to me, 'Someone said you wanted to speak

to me.' Then I asked her what she would provide, and that made us feel better, just settling. She thought we ought to take no beds for fear of rousing suspicion, but just rugs to lay on the floor."

Next day, quite early it seems, it was that most militant agent of the Scotch Bible Society, who rode round upon the wonderful horse that carried him to Bhamo and back and still thrives—so many horses die on that journey—and told the ladies martial law was proclaimed, and he thought they might stay now. They had packed what they dared take and put their boxes in the boats, thinking they could get on board more quietly in the night; some who were joining fugitives from Sui-fu had already gone down river, for the Consul would permit no fugitives to remain from other places in Chungking. As the days went by the Chinese began to say the authorities were so vigilant now, they thought it was safe to remain. So after a while the women got their boxes back. But the boats still were there waiting till the examinations should be over, and we had all learnt whether we might hope to pass the summer there, or had got to fly *shoeless*, as people always seem to do in riots.

Let any one picture, if they can, what was still the life of those shut up at the yamen at

Kiating. Some members of the China Inland Mission had arrived in Chungking after a month there. It is a small space, of course, with no outlook, not even protection from the sun. Those who fled there lost *all* they had. There is a little courtyard in which they could take exercise, that is all.

It was on June 4, during the examinations there, the missionary houses were looted and plundered, one of the men nearly torn in two by the mob catching hold of his girdle at both ends, and all as we understand more or less roughly handled. Englishmen are far too manly not to admire the courage of the women, who, after passing through a hustling like that, held out in their confinement of already a month and a half. It is a thing no man would like to go through, and women's nerves are apt to give way sooner than men's. Yet they held out, though whether it is wise to expose them to such a strain is a question. One difficulty is if people go down from Chungking they cannot return till October, because the river is at its height in summer. And even after that the journey up from Ichang takes nearly a month, and to Kiating, even if you brave an overland journey, you cannot get in less than about a fortnight more.

It is true that none were killed, and so people

may think that those in Chungking were needlessly alarmed. The Chentu men, women and children all, however, witnessed from their hiding-places the burning, plundering mob, and from the expressions they seem to have little doubt of what would have happened had they not escaped to the yamen *before* the plundering was over. That absorbed the crowd for a time. The yamen was threatened and as it seems only owes its safety to the telegram sent to the Chungking Consul—*which the Viceroy sent to the telegraph clerks to stop*—but happily just too late, *after* it had gone out. But for that telegram we should probably have no difficulty in realising the state of anxiety of those within the yamen, who did not know the riots would *so far* pass off without anyone being killed.

The Roman Catholic Bishop, the last to escape to the yamen, had been sufficiently roughly handled by the mob, as his attire and bearing showed, when he came running in and ran right through the rooms set apart for men, and, flying still, through the rooms given to the ladies. He had stayed at his post *to the very* last. It was clear it was till the very last, if he were to escape at all.

There is another fact to be remembered. We have in West China a good many American and

Canadian missions, and the men of these missions, being accustomed to carry firearms, carry them and use them. But for a Winchester a very different story might be told of one escape at least. In all the riots so far there have been Americans or Canadians somewhere about, and had it not been so, we still cannot tell what might not have occurred. As Captain Bower said, the Chinese are not brave before determined men with firearms.

On July 26th I wrote: The men of the Customs still go to and fro with loaded revolvers; the Consul, if he comes to tea, only lays his revolver down with his hat; the missions, Quakers included, have a guard of ten Chinese soldiers to each household, each man paid fifty cash a day. The gay little pavilions still stand at the Gate of Great Peace, only the late Viceroy, in whose honour they were erected, is expected no more. He got away from Chentu at last, he passed Kiating, he passed Sui-fu, and his boats floated proudly on the bosom of the great Yangtze, but arrived at Luchow, the next town to this, he was forced to turn round and go back every inch of the two rivers to Chentu. Great is the rejoicing. He must be made to pay, say the Chinese. He must be made to suffer the penalty of his sins, say

the foreigners. If only he is punished properly we shall never have another riot in Szechuan, say Roman Catholic Chinese exultantly. But will he be punished? No word of what England thinks or cares has reached us yet, and it is two months all but two days since the rising in Chentu. Nor can we doubt there would have been just the same here, but for the energy of our Consul, Mr E. H. Fraser, and the vigilance of the Chinese officials.

"The Roman Catholics seem to have had over forty stations destroyed in this province. Yet not a Frenchman has left the West. 'Pas un! Ni pour cause de maladies, ni pour affaires particulières, ni pour aller à Peking! Pas un seul,' says the Procureur, somewhat proudly. Four, however, among them, one a Count at home in France, have been driven away from their stations in those distant parts beyond the Chienchang Valley, and so effectively that for forty days they had to fly over mountain passes and by little-trodden paths till they found a refuge at last only across the border, in the capital of Yunnan, Yunnanfu. It is to be hoped some day they may give us the details of this Lent-long flight. Other priests have been taking refuge in Chinese huts, in yamens, moving from place to place, but not one has left his post, but for these four driven out of the province. Even

on the borders of Tibet, an outlying station of Tachienlu has been rioted. One priest somewhere—Chinese names are so hard to remember—saved his beautiful church. He got a dozen spears, and telling a dozen Chinese to point them at the enemy, threw his doors wide open, and invited the rioters to come in. They saw the twelve spears, and before that sight hundreds dispersed.

"There are strange tales the Chinese Christians might tell. Many of them were very well to do, well conducted, prosperous. They have not been plundered at Chentu. But in other outlying places they have lost all, or well-nigh all. And all knew the fate threatening them. One can fancy the scene at Hoang-mu-chang, a market-village described by my husband in his *Mount Omi and Beyond*, built on a breezy plateau, a very deep defile on one side, on the other the foaming Tung between it and the lofty Lolo Mountains; at the back, a pass ten thousand feet high or thereabouts, over which you go to Fulin and the Chienchang Valley, if you are coming from the east. It is on the regular route of the cruelly-laden salt carriers between Kiating and Fulin. The pagans, shall we call them, hearing the news of the fine times at Chentu—in every case riots arose as the news was sent forward—

rose against the Christians, and the Christians defended themselves with stones for over two hours. Then the leading man of the place, a Christian, called out aloud, 'We have had enough of stones. Let us get our guns,' and before that threat the pagans dispersed. It is a long, hard day's journey from Hoang-mu-chang to Ta-tien-tze—described both by Mr Little and Mr Pratt, and I think mentioned by Baber—both are under the same priest. But he resides at the former place, and only comes once a year to Ta-tien-tze, where the people have built him a house in which to live and hold services. This house is the pride of the whole well-to-do village and has been several times lent to travellers, Ta-tien-tze lying at the foot of the wondrous Sai-king-shan, one of the remarkable flat-topped mountains, sacred as Omi. The Christians of Hoang-mu-chang sent a messenger across the mountains to Ta-tien-tze, which is altogether Christian, and the men of the place assembled in a house commanding the one path between the two places. What the handsome, rosy-cheeked, bright-eyed women and girls did meanwhile, report sayeth not, but we can fancy that they applauded as the rabble band came on intent on plunder, and the men of Ta-tien-tze fired and killed eleven of their assailants. In how many remote villages have not similar

encounters taken place, but rarely so effectively, for Ta-tien-tze—with its three girls' schools, and unforgetable honey in the honeycomb, sweet with the fragrance of the mountain flowers—Ta-tien-tze was saved. At Sui-fu men were killed, but by the rioters themselves. In their greed to loot the large college, three miles from the town, men climbed upon the roof and seized the timbers; some fell, and six rioters are reported killed. How was it known that a large sum in money had just been sent from Chungking to this college? How was it known that it was buried, and where? It is so difficult to conceal anything in China, and at least six thousand taels must have been discovered and carried off.

"The students are mostly arrived, and the literary chancellor expected to-morrow. No chapels are allowed to be open at night. No books may be sold to the students. A proclamation is out telling them their business here is to be examined, and begging them to stick to it.

"Chinese mobs are certainly peculiar. At Kiating the senior member of the China Inland Mission, who has so long lived there quietly winning the respect and regard of the whole neighbourhood, ventured back from the yamen, and himself inspected the rioting of his house. People

were all going in and helping themselves, and when he saw anything being carried off, for which he had a special value, he said, 'Oh, put that down, will you?' and they did so. On the other hand when a woman rushed out holding aloft with its sleeves spread out a nightdress, crying out, 'What is this?' he said, laughing, 'Oh, take that home, and make clothes for your little children. It will do nicely for them.' Thus they rioted and he looked on."

CHAPTER XIV

LITTLE KNOWN BORDER TRIBES

ONE of the great excitements in Chinese city life is when a great traveller comes by. Then for a few days at least we all sit at his feet and offer tribute of all our local knowledge and stored-up experience of many years, asking in return for that lively interest we never get from people who live in China, and who almost all seem to grow like the Chinese, apathetic, asking also for some accounts of his past, where he has travelled, what he has seen or done, for all of which there is such ample leisure as one can never find in world centres. Thus we sometimes think on our *occasions* we enjoy a fuller, richer intercourse with distinguished people than would be possible elsewhere except under similar circumstances. Most of these travellers are already well known to be collecting materials for their books, which all in due course have appeared and enriched the world's stock of knowledge, but two, who had specially strange tales to tell, have written no books, and some account of their

wonderful experiences may be acceptable to the general reader. The one is Miss Annie Taylor, at that time an Associate of the China Inland Mission. She passed through Chungking in the spring on her way home from Tibetan voyagings, which had extended over nearly a year, the greater and most difficult portion of her journey having been made in the depth of winter.

Miss Taylor, in addition to the suffering inevitable in a country so bare of food and shelter as is Tibet, and in a climate where the strongest often succumb, had her existence further imperilled by the treachery and cruelty of her Chinese servant, and was only saved on more than one occasion from being murdered by the interposition of the more chivalrous Tibetans; even then, nothing but the most undaunted resolution, coupled with remarkable coolness and nerve, saved her from perishing a victim to such cold and hunger as it seemed incredible a woman should have survived.

Miss Taylor was then a medium-sized woman of Saxon build, with brilliant brown eyes, the complexion of a traveller, and the air of one who had suffered much. Her bearing, her bright eyes and animated expression showed her to be a woman of resource and imagination, and in seeing her lively manner, notwithstanding her then weak

state of health, one began to understand the influence she had been able to exercise over the savage people, amongst whom she had been travelling alone with her life in her hand. She was still full of enthusiasm for the civilisation and conversion of the Tibetans, which she hoped to communicate to the people of England.

Alone, with the help of one Christian Tibetan, whom she brought with her from Darjeeling, she had penetrated to within three days of Lhassa, and returned alive to tell the tale. But for the abominable treachery of a Mohammedan Chinese, whom she engaged in Kansuh, there seems little doubt but that she would have arrived in Lhassa itself. Miss Taylor first attempted to enter Tibet from the Indian side in 1887. Sikkim was not English then, and orders were given that no one should serve her. So though she had plenty of money she could buy nothing, and was often very hungry. Then she got fever, and had no appetite. But after quinine her appetite returned, till she did not know which was worse, fever or hunger. Sometimes for days together she had nothing to eat but grains dropped, it would seem out of kindness, by some man walking along the road eating. For all were ordered not to sell to her or in any way supply her with food. Twice attempts

were made to poison her, and for ten months she never saw another European.

Then she decided to try to get in from China, came round by sea and up the Yangtze, then overland to Sungpan on the Tibetan border. After spending about a year on the frontier, living very quietly, not going out, but constantly entertaining Tibetans in her house, she received various offers of convoys to Lhassa. Before crossing the frontier, about which she had no trouble, she, however, engaged a Mohammedan Chinaman, whose Tibetan name was Noga. She had two tents, four servants, and tried to get ten really good horses by promising to give them at the journey's end to Noga. But all through her difficulties about horses seem to have been endless. One of her first serious adventures was being attacked by a band of brigands with white fur coats, leading each a spare horse. Two men were killed, eight wounded, and five out of her horses killed, besides much property lost. Things would have been much worse with her, and possibly her whole band would have been killed, but that a Lama called out to the robbers, "They are women! All women!" so she was not pursued. Amongst Mongols and Tibetans it is esteemed a dreadful thing to strike a woman, so that all women go about unarmed, although every



SIX TIBETANS: MERCHANT, CHIEFTAIN WITH PRAYER WHEEL, TWO DAUGHTERS OF THE INN AT TACHIENLU, THE ELDER MARRIED TO RICH YUNNAN MERCHANT, AND TWO SERVANTS.

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[*By Mrs Archibald Little.*

man carries weapons. Miss Taylor says, by the Tibetan religion it is forbidden to take life, whether a flea's, a sheep's, or a man's. The consequence of which seems to be not that human life is respected but that all life is alike lightly esteemed.

On the 28th of September the party crossed the Yellow River, there very narrow and dangerous, on yak skins blown out, with hurdles laid upon them, and drawn by horses. These rafts are awash all the time, and the water was ice-cold. They then found themselves in the very large Golok district, peopled entirely by robbers. Apparently a charming country to travel in, for Goloks never rob within their own territory. But it is not so pleasant to get in or out of. Travellers in making contracts in Tibet always have to agree to pay for a yak, or horse, if it die, or gets stolen on a journey, but *not* if it be stolen by the Goloks. The Goloks' chieftain is a woman, and laws are strictly observed in her domains, *and no bribes taken*. This is a fact of which the supporters of woman's suffrage might well make note. But it is to be feared that as women become more civilised they also grow more mercenary. At that time the Goloks related how five Russians came to travel through the country, and they themselves went out to attack them five

hundred strong, but could kill none, though twelve of themselves were killed. Then after that came one traveller alone with a tin box. They all wanted that tin box, and still continued to reproach one another that they did not take it, but their belief was that on opening it an army of soldiers would come out, and they thought the same with regard to Miss Taylor's two cases of chests of drawers, besides having many other fabulous tales about her, which all probably stood her in good stead.

At one time it was so cold that touching a knife made the skin come off, and one of her servants lay dying, and as he was a Mohammedan he had to be washed before he died, although this was nearly an impossibility. It was managed somehow, naturally hastening the man's end, and then after that the difficulty was how to bury him. They found at last a piece of swampy ground, and as it was still early in the winter it was possible to move a few sods. So they covered him up, but not before the wolves were all howling round. She then went on to Sagiaka, and saw five hundred of the men there start out on a freebooting excursion. They think this quite a right thing to do, although small thefts are severely punished among them. She then crossed the Drichu, which she thought was

possibly the head waters of the Yangtze, passed Gala with its houses all set against the hill, the roof of one house serving as the terrace of the one behind, and described how the people there used nothing to enrich the ground, nor even removed the stones, but just planted barley every other year, leaving the ground to be refreshed by the sun between whiles. By far the larger number of Tibetans, however, live in tents even in that climate, so unsuited as one would think. In every way the people sought to prevent her from entering the Lhassa district by telling her of fighting going on there, but she learnt that an arrangement had been come to that travellers should not be interfered with. It was there, however, Noga, after repeated acts of insubordination, began to use violence to her, and at last tried to draw his sword. It was the Tibetans who saved her from her own Chinese servant, and saying there was no chief there able to protect her, sent her on under an escort. "Whether a foreigner or not, you are a woman," said the Tibetans.

Miss Taylor's hardships would require a volume. For three days her party lost their road; they had no tent. That and every comfort had had to be sold to pay her way, her servant having taken everything he could from her before he

left her. When on the 24th December they found the road again they just hid away in the hills for the whole of Christmas Day for rest. During all this part of the journey her sufferings from the rarity of the air were very great, palpitations, gasping, and inability to digest their barley food. Of even that they had so little. Noga had spread a report that Miss Taylor was travelling with a belt of gold and jewels round her waist. And she had, therefore, to travel by night, finding the cold beyond what anyone could imagine who had not felt it. Tea froze as soon as poured out, and for three nights they were only too thankful to find refuge in a cave with just room for them to lie down, half suffocated by smoke, so as to obtain a little warmth. On the 31st December they crossed the Drichu into the Lhassa district, but had to stop near Najuca within three days' journey of Lhassa owing to Noga having gone before making a great merit of revealing that there was a foreigner coming. A military chief thereupon arrived from Lhassa, very gorgeous in his clothing and at first rough, then friendly and indignant at the Chinaman's treachery. There was a sort of trial. And no one who could should miss hearing from this heroic woman's own lips how she stood out for her dignity as an Englishwoman till in the end

she not only won respect from all, but convinced the chief of the truth of her story, thereby saving the lives of her two Tibetan servants, who the Chinaman had tried to make out were treacherously leading her into Tibet. The Tibetan chieftains told her as far as they were concerned she could go on to Lhassa, but they would lose their lives if she did; meanwhile they assigned to her an official and nine soldiers to protect her against the Chinaman, besides supplying her most pressing necessities. Everywhere she said she found the Tibetans express liking for the English. They had been especially struck by the prisoners in the Sikkim war being kept alive, well fed, and actually supplied with money to go home with. So that there even seemed a little fear lest should there be another war the whole people would seek to be taken prisoners.

On the return journey the horses, which in winter have to be fed with goat's flesh, tea, butter and cheese, none of which she could afford, suffered so much from hunger they were always tumbling down, until Miss Taylor joined herself on to a yak caravan. Then the two hundred yaks made a way for the whole party through twenty feet of snow. It was on the 22nd January Miss Taylor left the Lhassa district of Tibet, and on the 12th of April she reached Tachienlu after

hardships such as it seems hardly credible a woman should have surmounted. In Tibet she was always called Annie, the name for their women religious teachers, and to look more like one had all her hair cut off. It seems in Tibet there are the girls who are the mothers of children by the various visitors at their fathers' house—these children belong to the girls' fathers, and are made very useful. There are the wives of often more than one husband, generally two or more brothers having the same wife, and so on, and then besides these are the Annies. There is no girl infanticide in Tibet as in China, and more men becoming Lamas than women Annies, those whom we call the surplus women become girl-mothers living on in their fathers' houses. Truth, as well as what we call sexual morality, seems to be a virtue unknown among the Tibetans. But whether because of their vices or their virtues, Miss Taylor returned with her heart as much set as ever upon carrying the gospel of glad tidings to this people who, if they do wrong, yet at all events, as she says, do not conceal it. They do it openly.

This picture of Tibetans is so unlike anything that I have yet read in any book of travels that it seems to me well worth recording, but I owe it all to this most exceptional lady missionary, who has now again returned to the Indian side of



LOOKING ACROSS THE UNNAVIGABLE TUNG AT THE UNCONQUERED LOLO MOUNTAINS; MR ARCHIBALD LITTLE IN FOREGROUND.

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ONE OF THE MANY MONUMENTS TO AMITA BUDDHA, O-MI-TO FO, ON THE TIBETAN BORDER.

[*By Mrs Archibald Little.*

Tibet to try to work among the Tibetans abroad, access into their own country being so difficult. Since then the Roman Catholics, owing to the persistent efforts of that most indefatigable French Consul, M. Haas, have succeeded once more in reinstating their missions in Tibet itself. But it is a question whether for Christianising the people work over the border is not likely to be more successful, just as I have for many years thought that missions to Chinese in Alaskan salmon canneries, or on Canadian railroads, or in American laundries might be more remunerative than in China itself. They would certainly excite no opposition in the first instance, and in the second, all those who have lived for any time out of their own country must be aware how, whether for good or ill, prejudices drop away, habits become loosened, and gradually—if they be not watchful—all life becomes more and more of an open question. It is thus insensibly many Christians tend towards heathenism, and many heathen I should suppose in like manner towards Christianity, so that but a little help would be needful to complete the change. At home amongst their old surroundings, entangled at every turn by the claims of family and the chains of old immemorial custom, it is altogether a different matter. My own acquaintance with Tibetans is very

slight; at the frontier town of Tachienlu we were chiefly struck by the beauty and modest air of the young men we met, but they were of the wild Menia tribe, not real Tibetans.

Mrs Pruen can hardly be described as a traveller, but, like Miss Annie Taylor, is also a member of the China Inland Mission, and has for many years resided in the province of Kweichow, which is still full of aborigines. In most cases the Chinese conquerors have absorbed their subject races, effacing all traces of distinctive customs; not so in Kweichow, where the aborigines are still as much despised by the Chinese of the neighbourhood as if they were Westerners. They seem now chiefly to live in the hills, and in place of images they have tall, upright stones to which they pay reverence. These are also to be found in many parts of Yunnan. Some so-called Cornish crosses greatly resemble them. Can all three have the same origin? With the exception of Mr Bourne, whose notes of his travels were so unhappily lost in the Chungking riots, no one has written about these aborigines, which will give additional interest to the following notes given me by Mrs Pruen *:—

The Gathering of the Miao Clans.

"For three days of the second month, the

* *The Provinces of Western China*, described by Mrs Pruen, has been published by Alfred Holmes, 13 Paternoster Row.

black-dressed Miaotse aborigines assemble to the number of about a thousand persons to perform a religious dance similar to the old English dances round the Maypole, only far more solemn.

"Leaving the provincial capital after breakfast, and accompanied by two native women in small sedan chairs, we soon began to ascend the hills and by mid-day were a league out of the city, going over barren hills whose valleys were full of opium, vegetable oil and bean plants, with occasional waste spaces for rice. The road was so bad we were glad to get out of the chairs and walk, then after another ten miles onwards and upwards, accomplished just before dark, we found ourselves beside a small high plateau surrounded by conical hills. A Chinese coal-owner most hospitably received our large party into his house; in the next room were several "Miao" women with their daughters, who had come for the dance. And next morning we watched the girls adorning themselves like English ladies going to a ball. They took four hours over their toilettes; the dress consists of several suits, nearly black in colour, the jacket in cut something like a sailor's, leaving the chest exposed, and the skirt a closely-pleated (accordion) skirt reaching just below the knees and resembling a kilt. The jacket and skirt were beautifully embroidered with coloured

silks. The girls' hair is coiled slightly to one side and for the dance partly covered with broad-headed silver pins; unmarried girls wear a white handkerchief bound round the head, also round their necks three silver rings given by their parents.

"At noon the dance begins. From between the conical hills come running down to the plateau scores of grown-up lads and lassies; the youths wear blue or dark-coloured robes girdled with beautifully-embroidered sashes crossed in front and folded at the back. Both young men and girls wear streamers or tassels falling down the back, the heads of both richly ornamented with silver, and embroidered cloths wound round their ankles. But the girls have neither shoes nor stockings. Both men and girls wore silver rings round their necks, some several. Each youth carried a six-tubed flute (its music resembled the bass of an harmonium). The dance is conducted each day in the same manner and very quietly, the youths and maidens together in groups of five, six or seven forming large circles. Then the youths play a few bars on their flutes and finish by waving them in the air, after which the one nearest the fair partners gives them a nudge and the little party move sideways, a few steps towards the left, the girls taking the lead. Then they all stop; and the youths play a few more bars and

the ceremony is repeated, so in the end all of them go round the pole several times. At sunset they all disperse to their holiday quarters; and at these times the dance partners exchange presents, so that on the second day some of the youths and maidens have each about twenty silver rings round their necks."

At the gathering of the Black Clan, March 1894, there were about four hundred youths and maidens. This gathering is held annually and at the same place for three years. Their embroideries seem to be about the richest. They are quite unlike Chinese embroidery, and are done on native cotton cloth of coarse description, entirely covered with silks of the richest possible dyes, such as we never get in Europe now, so that the general effect is almost that of jewelled embroidery. The Miao silver ornaments are curious. One of the tribe made a five days' journey from Kweichowfu, the capital of the province of Kweichow, to get some for me, and even then could not buy them, but got them made by his people. The richly-embroidered cloth in which a woman carries her baby on her back is said to take her a year to work, and one can readily believe this, it is so entirely covered with work.

On another occasion Dr and Mrs Pruen went to the gathering of the "Chung Family" clan.

It was a festival of rejoicing that the rice would soon be ready for harvest, and had also a great deal to do with courtship. At this they said there were hardly any elderly people, but crowds of young men and girls dressed in their best. Their costumes resembled that of the Chinese, with the exception of having unbound feet and wearing a dark handkerchief bound prettily round the head. The inn was surrounded all day by people, and there were several thousand persons at the market. In the evening as the people separated they sang in groups, the girls by themselves and the men by themselves, but their language being quite different from Chinese, what they sang was unintelligible. "We saw six or seven different tribes, distinguished by their dress. Just opposite our house, at different times during the day, young men danced and played their flutes, the men dancing in pairs, and it was an effective spectacle. The Hoa Miao girls stood by watching them. They had a peculiar dress, a closely-fitting black hood, and skirts edged with white, which at the back were long and rounded and pleated. As the girls walked these skirts swung from side to side like crinolettes.

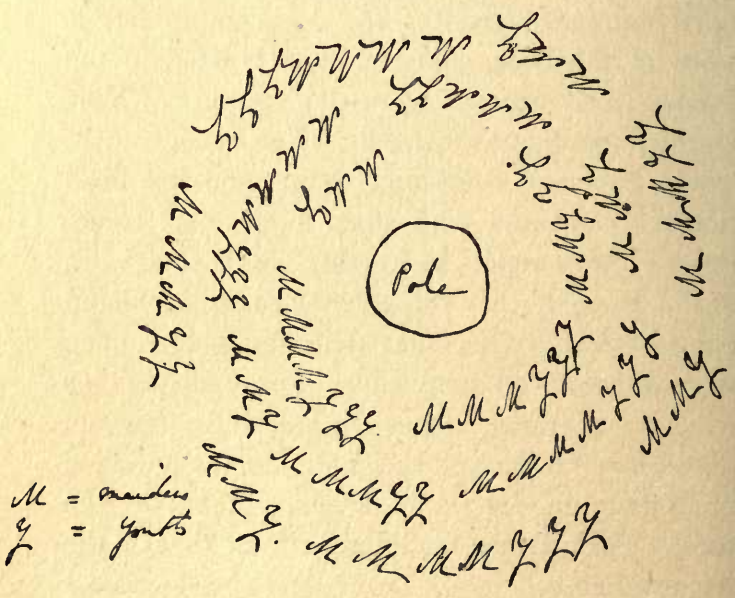
"The Hoa Miao in Anshuen had quite plain rings round their necks, so had the Tsing Miao whose dance I witnessed. For head ornaments

to wear at the dance, they charge an ounce of silver for the workmanship of an ounce, because they make birds, etc. The long chain should be tied in a bow or knot at the front, and worn hanging down like the Chinese mandarin's *Kua chu ze*. I saw one man with so many necklaces that he could not bend his neck.

"You could not buy a skirt; as each woman embroiders her own clothes, she values them much, and I think those who sell their clothes are those who have left their own people and come to live in the city and adopt Chinese dress. There are seven yards of cotton cloth in the skirt, thirty-one narrow widths, the deep embroidery is worn at the back, and the skirt crossed in the front. The jacket is worn over apron and skirt and tied loosely at the back. For a dance there would be many rings and chains and the head richly ornamented with silver birds, etc., sometimes to forty ounces in weight. The skirt worn at the dance, if they can afford it, is embroidered one foot deep. Of course there are poor women who cannot afford many silver ornaments. This tribe do not wear shoes or stockings, few do. The Chongkia do, and theirs are like the Kwangsi or Kwangtung shoes in shape, pointed at the toes. Their dance is different from that of the Tsing Miao.

"The Heh Miao dance takes place in the third month and is arranged thus: men with flutes in the centre in groups of five or seven, girls in a ring outside and friends and parents outside again as a protection. The men lead the dance and the girls follow, the step is three steps forward with one foot, three steps with the other foot, and then turn round three times; the steps are like those of the Scotch Reel."

Diagram of the dance of the Tsing Miao (Aboriginal Tribe) of Kweichow Province, China. (As sketched by Dr Pruen):—



CHAPTER XV

TABLE DECORATIONS

HOW interesting it would be at a flower show to throw open a table competition to Chinese men servants instead of European ladies! The idea has been suggested by the extraordinarily elaborate and very tasteful decorations lately seen in a remote outport, the one by a Ningpo boy, the other by a Pekingese. The Ningpo boy relied almost entirely on flat devices on the table-cloth; one a rosebush in miniature, formed of bits of flat grass for stalks, with leaves and rosebuds, all first detached, then most ingeniously laid together. The napkin by this plate was twisted into a snake with red seeds for eyes, a black pupil to each, whilst the napkin opposite represented a wolf. Then came a landscape formed of very small bits of leaf, all green, and somewhat poetic in character. Beside another plate a miniature *Abutylon* plant appeared quite flat on the table, formed again of detached flower leaves and stalks, and this time with even the flowers pressed open and flattened. And so on all round the table.

The Pekingese hardly equalled the Ningpo boy in this his own specialty of flat pictures. But he had a bowl of magnificent crimson roses in the centre of the table, raised, and with a garland of flowers round the foot. His dishes of fruit were also particularly successful, being decorated with flowers of the same tone of colour as the fruit, only stronger, his table being as a whole all orange and crimson, relieved only by the white of the cloth. But his *forte* was exceptionally graceful sprays of flowers, all wired, and disposed in curves that balanced one another, and thus knit the whole decoration into one. These sprays were masterpieces and would certainly have carried off a prize at any flower show.

Then there was a flat scorpion composed of tiny bits of feathery leafage, also a dragon, and every here and there, lightly resting on the table-cloth, the most dainty ichneumons made out of pea blossom, with long antennæ formed out of the tendrils. Beside the one lady guest was a special rose spray wire-mounted, and of the lightest possible description; poised on one of the buds was a butterfly with wings wide dispread, and apparently perfect plumage. And when one of the wings fell off, the Pekingese was equal to the occasion, and on having the spray returned



To face page 248.] CHINESE LADIES OUT PLEASURING IN A GARDEN. [*By Mr Mencarini.*

to him soon brought it back again complete with a butterfly with four wings once more. In both these cases each guest had as it were two special pictures on the cloth on either side of his plate, besides the general effect, and the occasional creatures. Nothing could well be more amusing than an exhibition of a variety of such tables all equally fanciful, but differently thought out. Would it not make a *furore* in England, and it would certainly be a novelty even in Shanghai, where possibly there is as little Chinese decoration as anywhere, certainly less than in Paris.

In an old-established Chinese Hong or house of business, or in a bachelor household where details are left to the Chinese butler and his aides, all of whom alike we call Boys, there is a method of decoration which I have not seen anywhere else but in China. It consists of coloured sand or sawdust sprinkled upon the table-cloth by the aid of a piece of cardboard cut like a stencil plate. Thus there will be a broad border of coloured sand with possibly something of the nature of a key pattern added to it all up and down the table. The first impression is that of a velvet stripe in the tablecloth, and though stiff I cannot but acknowledge the effect if well carried out is decorative, but all brides steadily set their faces against it, for is it not unlike anything we

have in England? Therefore when a man marries he must as a rule say good-bye to coloured sawdust on his tablecloth. The puzzle, however, to my mind is where have Chinese servants learnt thus to decorate dinner tables, where have they acquired and practised the flattened flower landscapes I began by describing? For at no Chinese feast, wedding, or dinner party have I ever seen any arrangement of any kind of flowers whatsoever upon the table. There are flowers in every Chinese lady's and little girl's hair, flowers in vases, but no flowers upon the dinner table.

Chinese have no cloth upon the table, and our tablecloths produce anything but a festive impression upon their minds from their colour, white being with them associated with mourning. It is possible they therefore cast about for anything to give colour. Japanese are even worse off than Chinese in this respect, for they not only have no tablecloths but no tables, the pretty dinner tray, before which they sit resting upon their heels, not deserving to be ranked as a table. They very commonly, however, have a vase with a spray of flowers placed alongside of the meal. Not so the Chinese. Yet I have tried up country with a Chinese boy, who has barely seen a foreign dinner table, never waited at a foreign dinner

party, and on just bidding him: "Make the table look pretty," been always delighted with the result. On one occasion I remember amongst other things we had pumeloes (like large oranges) peeled, the inside taken out, and a little light placed in its stead, and thereby extra fairy lamps extemporised, which at once quite cast into the shade the by comparison clumsy fairy lamps brought from London. Even the coolie, who carries a load for you, will at once understand, when he knows that you wish it, how to decorate your table for you. And as a general rule I have found the more untaught the Chinese, the less Europeanised, the more artistic will his flower arrangement be, although there is a curious uncertainty in his mind, such as I have found in some children's, as to which flowers must be reckoned dead. Dead leaves have often beautiful colours. Why not dead flowers, too? he may think.

His eye for colour is not as ours, but observing the beautiful blending of many delicate tints in the ordinary dress of a young Chinese dandy, and contrasting that colour symphony with the pronounced colour contrast in the dress of a young London dandy, and the often loudly clashing colours in the dress of a fashionable lady, I sometimes fancy that it is our sense of colour,

not theirs, that is at fault. They are naturally hardly to blame if—finding we will buy them at higher prices because they are new—they turn out embroideries for the European market with silks dyed for cheapness with dyes from Germany. It is not China that invented these last, but Europe. Europe sells, and China buys and sells back to Europe again. The old embroideries have tints not as beautiful as the wonderfully rich tints of the aborigines' embroidery described in another chapter, but at least rivalling the beautiful colours of the ceilings in the British Legation and other Peking palaces.

CHAPTER XVI

PART I.—AN ANTI-FOOTBINDING TOUR THROUGH HANKOW, WUCHANG, HAN-YANG, CANTON AND HONG-KONG

THOSE who remember their sensations as children, when first forced to plunge into the cold sea, can realise a little the feeling with which I contemplated starting off on a tour round the south of China among complete strangers to oppose footbinding, one of China's oldest, most deep-rooted, domestic customs.

The honorary secretary of our Natural Feet Society—to translate its Chinese name of Tien Tsu Hui—had done her best to prepare the way by writing beforehand to say that I was coming on behalf of the society, and the China Merchants' Company — the one great Chinese steamship company—had most kindly at once granted me a free pass by their steamers all round China, but this made me all the more feel that I must work hard and accomplish much in order to justify their liberality. They had promised introductions to leading Chinese. But I had but few introductions to Europeans, and having

mostly lived in the far west of China had hardly any acquaintance in the south.

We had taken of late to inviting Chinese officials to our meetings, and I still recalled the sinking of my heart when, the new Victoria Hall having been hired at Hankow, and the chairman of the Municipal Council having himself arranged the seats, the audience began to come in, official after official, some with retinues, some without, some also with that tremendous swagger that makes one feel as if the man who thus walked could think no subject in heaven or earth worthy of his interest. The Consul introduced me in brief words, and then I had to stand up and front them, realising to the fullest extent exactly how strange, how unheard-of, these Chinese officials must consider a woman addressing them at all, and especially on that, to them, exceptionally indelicate subject—women's feet. I did not wonder my Chinese interpreter's courage gave way, and he became to all intents and purposes voiceless, for to him these officials were far more awe-inspiring personages than even to me. A well-known missionary with a fine knowledge of Chinese colloquial and a powerful voice came to the rescue. And keeping a firm hand upon myself lest I should laugh aloud, the whole scene striking me as so irresistibly comic, I proceeded



OFFICIAL'S RETINUE—MEN WITH BAMBOOS TO BEAT BACK CROWD; THREE-PRONGED FORKS FOR CATCHING THIEVES BY THEIR CLOTHES, LARGELY USED IN 1900 FOR KILLING ENGLISH MEN AND WOMEN, AS WERE ALSO THE BIG KNIVES.

To face page 254.] [*By Mr Mencarini.*

to do my very best to make it seem anything but laughable to my Chinese hearers. Over two thousand leaflets and tracts against footbinding were carried off from that meeting, and even then some of the principal officials were still asking for more as they went away.

Hankow is but one of three cities that meet together, only separated by the Han and Yangtze Rivers. Wuchang, which lies opposite to it across the Yangtze, is the seat of China's most learned Viceroy, Chang Chih Tung. His literary style is considered inimitable, and we had taken care to decorate our hall with huge red placards containing his words against footbinding, in which the reasons for doing away with this most damaging custom are so well stated it seems almost needless for anything further to be written in that classic Chinese—or Wenli—of which the Viceroy is a past master. Obviously for the "stupid" people simpler versions are required. One military mandarin only deigned to study this placard without condescending apparently to listen to any of my words of wisdom, but he signed on as a member of our society at the end, whilst the chief magistrate of Han-yang, the smallest of the three cities and separated from Hankow by the Han whilst lying on the same side of the Yangtze, signified to the meeting

that he had never permitted footbinding in his family. This naturally produced a profound impression. And then the demand for the tracts began, for if the great Viceroy at Wuchang condemned footbinding, and the chief magistrate at Han-yang had all the womankind in his family unbound, what was the purely commercial city of Hankow that it should stand against such bright examples in high places? And who could fail to wish to convince his womankind to give up this most troublesome and trying practice? The interpreter, before the meeting began, and when he was not yet voiceless, had already confided to me that he had twice taken the bandages off his own little daughter's feet, but that her mother had always replaced them. For though it is to please men and win husbands of good social position for their daughters that women bind their little girls' feet, it is again and again the case that the elder men, especially amongst the learned classes, object to the practice as barbarous; just as men of a certain age in Europe denounce ear-piercing, tight-lacing, high heels, whilst yet women know but too well that the eyes and inclinations of the younger and marriageable part of the male community are attracted by these or any other follies plainly done to please, and thus serving to a certain

extent as an announcement of the desire to captivate.

That public meeting at Hankow was quickly followed by another at Han-yang, of those who were believed to be convinced on the subject. Yet when the women who had *un*bound their feet were asked to stand up, and one after another they slowly rose till the whole number were standing, we all thought there must be some mistake, and yet more carefully and slowly the request was explained to them. On which all the good-humoured Hupeh faces were rounded with a smile of great amusement as like one mass the women once more all arose. There had been meetings for the young men of the upper classes before that at Wuchang, and meetings for ladies, at which the whole room tittered on the ridiculous question being put to them, as to whether any woman ever bandaged her feet for her own amusement or delectation. With their feet all aching the ladies laughed at the idea! And as I walked along the street of the provincial capital next day it was delightful to see children running out from quite grand official dwellings to ask if any leaflet could be spared for their household. But that meeting at Han-yang where the women rose *en masse* on *un*bound feet was the crowning finish, after which I left the familiar

valley of the Yangtze, and returning to Shanghai prepared for this strange tour into the unknown south.

It would be difficult to say how very kindly was the welcome of the till then unknown Europeans, and what trouble they took to help forward the movement to set the women of China on their feet again. But to English readers the most interesting thing is to hear about Chinese. The chief feature of the visit to Canton consisted in an interview, accorded as soon as asked for, by the then Viceroy, Li Hung Chang. Additional piquancy was given to this because the British Consul - General, when asked first whether he could give an introduction or in any way facilitate it, pronounced it such an impossibility that a Chinese Viceroy should be willing to receive a lady, that he seemed to think it almost unnecessary to say he could render no assistance in a matter so contrary to all decorum. Happily the Consul-General for Italy, residing in Hong-Kong, had thought otherwise, and had already furnished me with a letter to his friend Lord Li—Li Hung Chang's adopted son—in 1908 sent as Chinese Minister to London. I therefore wrote to Lord Li, indicating how much it would help forward the anti-footbinding movement if I could gain any sign of approbation from the Viceroy,

and asking whether he could in any way arrange it, mentioning at the same time that, whilst myself ready to set aside any other engagement for the purpose, a well-known and greatly respected American lady doctor would be able to accompany me if Sunday were not fixed upon: if otherwise I must go alone. Lord Li immediately replied, appointing a day and hour when the latter could accompany me, although without his knowing it the time he selected seemed singularly inconvenient, being that already appointed for a meeting of Chinese ladies. There had been before this a meeting of men and women at the Presbyterian Chapel, somewhat brilliantly begun by Dr Mary Fulton presenting diplomas to two Chinese lady medical students. They were very gaily dressed, so also were all their friends and companions to do them honour. The chapel was very elaborately decorated with innumerable little shrubs twisted and wired in the Chinese fashion, and a further festive touch was imparted from the hymns used on the occasion having been printed on rich red paper. Thus, when all the audience fluttered and turned the hymn sheets, it looked as if the chapel were filled with a flight of bright red birds.

Dr Kerr, the oldest missionary at Canton, who then saw his life work all around him, the

men's and women's hospital, all built, and for so many years managed by himself, presided on the occasion, and told a curious story of the greatest compliment that had ever been paid to his medical skill, when some twenty years or more before a lady had come from afar to put herself under him as a patient. Both her feet had mortified off through binding; she had, however, brought them with her — *in spirits*, and now wanted the foreign doctor, who could do such wonders, to fasten them on for her again.

How many women in China would be thankful if this could be done, and would not consider the pain they had undergone if only medical skill were equal to thus repairing its visible effects! In other countries also to what pain will not devotees of fashion submit themselves!

The captain of a Chinese man-of-war, who had previously studied at Yale College, most kindly served as an interpreter, and from the eager attention and bursts of laughter it was evident not a point was lost. Though once or twice the gallant captain paused visibly, and looked with some hesitation at the screened-off side of the chapel, where amongst the other women sat his own wife, known as one of the richest as also one of the tightest-bound ladies

of Canton. He, however, gathered up his courage and interpreted bravely, and I have never addressed an audience that seemed so much moved as that Cantonese audience, if one might judge by their laughter, generally a pretty fair indication in China, or by the way in which they all crowded up to the top of the chapel to pay each a small sum of money, and receive a paper indicating their association with the Natural Feet Society. It was impossible for the women to join there and then, as they could not get through the crowd of men, but the naval captain's wife took an opportunity afterwards for saying that she was going to let out her feet, had indeed already begun to do so, whilst an old woman of over seventy was eager to relate that, although no one had had courage to advise her to do so at her age, yet she had let out her feet; and though for some time she had certainly suffered very much, yet, determined to continue as an example to others, she was now thankful to say she suffered no more and could, as we saw, step out wonderfully well even considering her age alone.

The next day was settled for a meeting of ladies with bound feet, no others to be admitted. And then Lord Li appointed that very day and hour for an interview with the Viceroy, and to crown all it set to and poured—as it never can

pour in England. Thus only nine Chinese ladies turned up, and even then we were astonished to see so many, for Chinese dread the rain even more than English cats do. I had only time to say a few words before leaving them with many apologies, but there was again a proof of how little importance we instruments are in the world, for although the meeting would never have been called but for my visit to Canton, and the ladies had been invited to meet me, yet when I went away and left them, the other European ladies pleaded so efficaciously that all nine Chinese there and then decided not only to join our society but themselves actually to unbind, to attain which blessed result no eloquence of mine would ever have sufficed. Meanwhile Dr Mary Fulton and I proceeded to the Viceroy's official residence, on and on through narrow, crooked streets, in sedan chairs into which the rain streamed upon us, till at last after rather over an hour we arrived at the yamen, chilled and damped, but I at least on the tenter-hooks of expectation, for in all the years I had spent in China I had never been inside an official residence. Dr Fulton had already, and maintained from the outset that it was sure to be dirty, dilapidated and rambling, and altogether unimpressive. Her description from imagination proved fairly accurate, though I think had the

day been fine the approach through gateway beyond gateway might have seemed imposing.

We were shown at once into a side ante-room, passing by one in which a mandarin sat cowering in furs and much anxiety. The two interpreters joined us almost immediately, Lord Li and Dr Mak, and very shortly word was sent that Li Hung Chang was ready to receive us, and after passing along a long corridor, a spacious court-yard on either side, and to the right an aviary full of birds, we were received by the great man standing at the door of his reception-room, a most imposing figure, six foot four in height, clad in an ermine-lined gown down to his feet, and a beautiful sable cape, with diamonds actually in the front of his cap as well as on his fingers. This at least my missionary friend told me with an American's quickness of sight for diamonds and sables. I only noticed his great height, uncommonly European type of feature, and piercing glance, as he received us most graciously, and waved us to seats at a round table in the middle of the room. There was one especially cushioned arm-chair for the old man, and an attendant stood close at hand to help him into and out of it. Lord Li sat down opposite, as we took out seats on either side of the Viceroy; Dr Mak drew up another chair to his right and somewhat in the

rear, and a line of men-servants stood at 'tention all down one side of the room. This line of listening servants is what stands for public opinion and the press in China. It is also through them that the most important State secrets are known to the man in the street before diplomatists have even taken them in!

I always try—though probably unsuccessfully—to be above prejudices, but I must confess that Li Hung Chang probably never received anyone who held a darker view of his past history, yet in but a few minutes he had so entertained and charmed as to have quite disarmed me. Foot-binding, the subject about which I had come to talk, was of course the subject he tried to avoid, and as I had not come about him the Viceroy wanted to talk to me about my husband, telling me when they had last met, and all they had said to one another, chaffing me about the results of that interview, the rocks and rapids of the Yangtze, and the insuperable difficulties steamers would encounter in the Yangtze gorges. I ventured to tell him that, notwithstanding all these, my husband had taken a steamer through the Yangtze Rapids, and that on that occasion I had been his companion, being the only other European. "You had indeed courage," said Li Hung Chang. "Not so much as when I pre-

sumed to come and see a Chinese Viceroy," I replied, and having so far countered his first attack proceeded to unfold the objects of my visit. "No, I do not like to hear little children crying over having their feet bound," grumbled out the genial Viceroy. "But then I never do hear them," he hastened to add. I told him his brother's descendants, his own relations, were many of them not binding. He could not believe this, so I ventured to say something about his mother. "Oh, she only let out her feet when she was quite old," said Li Hung Chang. "I think all the women in the Li family have always been bound." Then as I looked discouraged, knowing it was not the case with the present generation, yet not liking to set the great man right about these family details, Lord Li politely interposed: "I can tell you of one who never has been and never will be, my own little girl." Li Hung Chang apparently thought it discreet not to seem to hear this, as he proceeded, "And you want me to unbind the feet of the women of China? No! now, that really is beyond my powers. Do you premeditate getting one kind of shoe to suit *all* the women of China? Because I can tell you beforehand that cannot be done. I'll answer for that. Do you want me to give you a writing like Chang Chih Tung? Well, then, you know, it must be an essay," he groaned

out with a smile of amusement, as much as to say, "The writing of essays is not much in my line, and I'm rather old to set about it now." The bright idea, however, occurred of asking him simply to write something on my fan as a recognition of the movement, and with the greatest good nature he called two servants to lift him out of his arm-chair, for with his great height and advanced years he could not then stand up or sit down unaided, and walking to a writing-table proceeded there and then to write an inscription, which has been shown at every anti-footbinding meeting since, and carried great weight. Lord Li took pains to point out that it might be put to this use, but also added good-naturedly that if he could he would get his father to write something more, but that really he was rather over busy, especially for his great age. We took this as a signal that we should withdraw, but the Viceroy begged us to remain till he had presented Dr Fulton with a hundred dollars for her hospital, insisting that she must take them away with her. He asked all manner of questions about the hospital, and scrutinised her subscription list very carefully, whilst the money was being brought. Then he grumbled out, turning to me, "You know if you unbind the women's feet you'll make them so strong, and the men so strong too, that they will

overturn the dynasty." I have often thought of this prediction of Li Hung Chang's since, whilst wondering what it is in his manner that so disarms suspicion, even dislike. He is evidently exceptionally quick and capable for a man of his years of any nationality, extraordinarily so for a Chinese; he has also that bluff frankness, that manner of being forced to say things just so, that La Bruyère says is the only manner of correctly paying a compliment, as if it must out—even against possibly better judgment. And with all this he has evidently an unfeigned and very Chinese love for a war of words and a joke wherever to be found. That he has a charm none who talk with him can doubt, and the idea could not help crossing my mind how often Tse Hsi must regret that he is no longer her right-hand man, and that something or someone ever came between them. For with that imposing personality beside the throne the Dowager Empress must surely have felt a cheerier as well as a safer woman.

At Hong-Kong, thanks to Lady Blake, the Governor's wife, who presided at the meeting arranged by Mr Pollock, then Acting Solicitor-General, the way was made very easy. The city hall was filled and very influentially, many seeming anxious to do what they could, although the language difficulty lay like an iron bar between so

many and any practical work. The Chinese Club, formed the year before on the lines of an European club, then held a meeting, and when members of the committee came down in the European fashion and led us into the outer of the two rooms, which with their respective balconies were packed full of wealthy Chinese men, the whole gathering stood up to greet us, and at the conclusion of speeches cheered with as much fervour as Englishmen might have done. Mr Ho Tung, commonly reputed the richest man in Hong-Kong, presided, while a leading Chinese lawyer interpreted in case there were any present who could not understand English. But that these were very few was shown by the quickly following laughter and other signs of comprehension before the interpretation began. This last was, however, a guarantee against misrepresentation. It may be thought odd so often to mention laughter at these meetings, assembled to discuss a subject that seems far more lamentable than ludicrous. But besides that I always make as many comic points as I can, believing that it is far easier to move people to reform when already moved to laughter. Chinese, like Japanese, think signs of sorrow unbecoming, and being affected must show it in some way. Thus they often laugh when announcing a death, and when at Ningpo I related

how much shocked I had been on going over the Sisters of St Vincent's establishment to see five young girls, three quite children, two about twenty, who had all five lost both their feet through binding and could only get about upon their hands and knees, instead of tears or long-drawn ah's as there might be in England, there was a general burst of cackling laughter.

After the speeches and the applause were over at the Hong-Kong Chinese Club we were taken by the committee into an upper room, where European comforts of curtains and cushioned arm-chairs were judiciously intermingled with Cantonese elegancies of black carved wood and landscape marble. There the most varied assortment of cakes was laid out for us on the middle table, but whilst talking with one or two of the Chinese Reform party, my late chairman begged us not to go too fast in the way of asking people to join our society, reminding me that in the families of one or two gentlemen who had applauded most heartily, the feet of all their women relations were to his knowledge still tightly bound. At first the difficulty about calling meetings at Hong-Kong had been that the oldest residents declared that women there rarely had bound feet, and had I not too vividly remembered a little scene I should not have persevered. I had gone with a party of

friends to visit a Chinese house in Canton, often shown to sightseers, and the master of the house, together with his guest, a gentleman with venerable white beard, over on a visit from Hong-Kong, on hearing my name, had begged that I would go into the women's quarter. One of the sons of the house accompanied us. Having penetrated a certain distance, we were about to turn back when some women servants lifted the corner of a heavy curtain and beckoned to us to step within. In the semi-gloom inside, surrounded by women attendants, we found a young girl sitting in gorgeous garments, painted and bejewelled to exaggeration. Surprised that she did not rise to greet us, we still tried to salute her according to etiquette, whilst those irrepressible maids pulled her skirts aside to call our attention to her almost incredibly small feet. The poor child may have been suffering cruelly from them at the time, and as she showed every sign of disliking our intrusion, I withdrew a little, only to see from a distance how she humped her shoulder, turned her face away and almost kicked at my companion, making an inarticulate sound expressive of the deepest aversion. I suppose our faces showed our horror, for the servants began to apologise, saying she had *never seen a foreign woman* before. Meanwhile her sister, whose toilette was as yet in

the incipient stage, came in, and immediately tottered into the darkest corner of the room, holding her arms up before her eyes to shield them from the horrid sight, whilst warding us off. I hastened to retire, begging the young man to express to the two young ladies how much distressed we were to have caused them so much discomfiture, and that we never would have come in if we had thought our visit would have been so disagreeable. He seemed to think it a matter of little moment, and did not appear abashed, as he explained that the two were sisters, and the second his wife, both daughters of the grey-bearded old gentleman, who was the largest owner of Chinese house property in Hong-Kong, where the two girls had been born and bred, yet as the servants said without even having once *seen* a foreign lady. This gave me some idea of the seclusion in which Chinese girls are kept in Hong-Kong, and how little therefore European residents there were likely to know of their condition, unless they had taken some pains to ascertain facts. The steamer captain had told me how those who had travelled with him were carried on board pick-a-back by their men servants, just as sacks might be carried, so that I could not believe it when I was told there were no bound feet in Hong-Kong, and now, on being confronted with two rooms full

of wealthy Chinese there, I was told at once to bear in mind that nearly all their womenkind were crippled.

"We must have them too to a meeting," said Lady Blake, and at once came to the rescue. She sent out invitations broadcast to Government House, inside which no Chinese women had ever yet set foot, and to render it easier for them to come invited Chinese gentlemen to be entertained in one room whilst the ladies should hear addresses in another. Before this came off another meeting —of boys this time—was held by the kindness of the head of Queen's College—the one disinterested benefit that England seems to have conferred upon China—for whilst an excellent education is provided there, the young Chinamen who receive it are afterwards scattered all over the vast Chinese Empire. The Bishop of Victoria, who kindly presided, brought a contingent from his own Diocesan College, and so did Mr Pearce of the London Mission, who most kindly interpreted. There must have been over five hundred boys and young men present, but I still cannot think of this meeting without horror, for my chair coolies misunderstood where I wanted to go. I could not make them understand sufficiently to correct their mistake, and when at last, through the kindness of a passer-by, I succeeded in this,



A CHINESE FAMILY IN PUBLIC GARDENS, HONG-KONG, JUST ABOVE GOVERNMENT HOUSE.

To face page 272.] [*By Mr Sze Yuen Ming.*

they still did not know the way, and I could not tell it to them. The result was that bishop, boys, interpreter and all—all waited and wondered, whilst I grew desperate at being carried backwards and forwards through the back ways of the city of Victoria, and arrived too much ashamed and confused even to give utterance to my distress. Desperately I then tried to convey to the young men what I wanted, and they, perhaps desperate also from having been kept waiting so long, applauded with such long-continued waves of applause and laughed such echoing, rolling peals of laughter, that it was almost impossible to get on with what I was saying. In the end, when it came to showing Li Hung Chang's writing on my fan, and Röntgen ray photographs of Chinese women's feet bound and unbound, as also distributing tracts upon the subject free, gratis, and for nothing, the young men simply stormed the platform, carrying away the railing, and going off a serried, struggling mass of humanity, still dinnerless, but anyway laden with mental food. It must surely be a long time before Queen's College forgets that afternoon.

After the boys' meeting was over there was nothing to be done but arrange for the ladies' meeting and feel anxious about it. About an

hour beforehand there sat the English admiral's wife patting a neatly-shod foot on the fender as she said, "It really won't matter much if none do come," whilst the Governor's wife said with authority, "Oh, some are sure to come, and we'll have them into the drawing-room and shut up the ballroom, if they're very few." Meanwhile Miss Blake, who had consented to be Honorary Secretary for Hong-Kong, had just returned with me from seeing the palms and shrubs the gardeners had been all the morning carrying to line the approaches to the ballroom, and we pronounced that it looked *very big*. Half-an-hour beforehand we all felt *sure* no Chinese ladies would dare to come, and that if they even did start they would never venture past the sentries. But then we looked out and saw they were beginning to arrive. By some mistake they all left their sedans at the outside gate, and great was the hobbling, whilst the ballroom filled and filled, till no more seats could be found *anywhere*. Then two or three of the Chinese ladies conferred together, and one of them gave out that servants ought not to sit in the presence of their mistresses, and all amahs were requested to stand. This at once cleared out seventy or eighty not bound foot women, who thereafter stood down the sides of the ballroom, whilst a large school of little girls

were requested to take up their places on the floor, rather to the horror of the children, who regarded sitting on the floor as far odder than English children would. But there was no other place for them. And though some were urgent to send these little girls away as too young, I was delighted they had stayed, when at the end of the meeting these children counted out their money contributions and actually wrote down their own names as members of our society. Four or five amongst them were already bound, so that there could be no doubt but that they all understood what they were protesting against. Two ladies with small bound feet took up a prominent position at the end of a front row, and after a Chinese lady from Australia had interpreted Lady Blake's words of welcome and the opening of my address, she could no longer stand the sight of these feet, stuck out straight in front of their owners for comparative ease and thus obtruded between her and the audience, so apostrophised the ladies in the racy colloquial of the south. Two English ladies, who had thus unexpectedly had the attention of a large audience called to them, would probably have looked very indignant, or if not indignant showed signs of confusion. But, although I think they certainly did blush, these two Chinese ladies showed no indignation

and wonderful self-possession, as the elder answered that she was too old to unbind. What reason was given for the younger not doing so I did not understand. It was pitiful afterwards to see the rows of amahs in the hall waiting to support their tottering mistresses to their sedans. But forty-seven ladies joined the Natural Feet Society there and then, and one showed how she had already begun to loosen her feet. At one of the leading Chinese newspaper offices a young man had said to me with a bow, "My wife and all my sisters have unbound their feet." A Chinese doctor had contended that Hong-Kong bound feet could not be unbound, but facts prove that he is mistaken, although it seems that feet are bound exceptionally tight there. According to a Chinese writer: "The child is made to lie in bed during the first year, and only lifted out when it is absolutely necessary."

According to a gathering of Chinese ladies in Shanghai a woman with a very strong hand is required to bind the feet the first time, and she does it so tightly that the bandage cannot be removed without dipping foot and bandage together into warm water. Unless this precaution were taken all the skin would come off with the bandage and probably great lumps of flesh also. Several of them said they had seen this occur.

At a meeting at Foochow lady after lady said she had seen a girl, both of whose feet had dropped off through binding, and one, a Chinese admiral's wife, said, "Not one or two, but several have I seen among my own acquaintances." Before mortification sets in and goes so far as to cause the whole foot to fall off it is painful to think what sufferings must have been undergone.

"Were they not exquisitely dressed and do you not think that a room full of Chinese ladies looks much better as far as toilette goes than a room full of English ladies?" Such was one of the remarks after the meeting. But the English admiral's wife, to whom we all deferred on matters of dress, answered with decision, "That is not at all fair. We were in morning dress. Wait till we come down in our ball-gowns and diamonds. They all were in full dress." Then she too went into an ecstasy over the embroideries and the blending of tints. All the same the Hong-Kong dresses were simply barbarous to what I afterwards saw at Hangchow and Soochow.

CHAPTER XVII

PART II.—THROUGH MACAO, SWATOW, AMOY, FOOCHOW, HANGCHOW AND SOOCHOW

IT is a little sad to have to own that anti-footbinding seems much farther advanced in languid, sunshiny Macao than in bustling Hong-Kong. Of course the Portuguese have been established there for centuries, and they mix with the people and inter-marry as we do not. It may be that which makes the difference. But some say a doctor, a leading member of the reform party, has made the change at Macao. There on the Praya, a miniature Bay of Naples, with the exceptionally romantic public gardens at one end and the Governor's palace at the other, the Portuguese band making music in the evenings, the waves lapping on the shore, mothers walking out with their children round them, as we never see English mothers in the East, and young girls with their duennas, there in Macao several of the best European houses are occupied by Chinese, and in one, conspicuous with heavily-gilded railings, I was delighted to find that all the children were growing up unbound. Mr Ho Sui



A HONG-KONG LADY IN REST DRESS.



MR HO SUI TIN, OF MACAO.

Tin, the leading Chinese of Macao, and a Portuguese subject, not only arranged a Chinese meeting for me to address, but took me home to his house afterwards and assured me one of his little girls was about shortly to be unbound. But though they had every luxury in the way of costly and artistic furnishing, even to a billiard table, on which they said they played, it was sad to see the elder daughters with their bound feet. He had not, however, been a member of the Reform Doctor's Society. My interpreter had, and he seemed full of earnestness, when at a little Christian meeting, at which the enthusiasm of everyone impressed me very refreshingly, one of the first to join the society was a bound foot lady—his wife—who said, smiling, "If you will take my money, and accept my promise that I am *going* to unbind." The secretary of the Portuguese Club was kind enough to organise a meeting there for all people who understood English, and I must not omit to mention the great kindness of the then Governor Galhardo, even hampered as he was by the carnival—a great affair at mediæval Macao!

The exquisite views, the orange trumpet flowers of the bignonia, the merry children in carnival costume, the soft sunshine, the romance that attaches to Camoens garden and everywhere

romantic accessories, all transport one to Europe, and make Macao a place quite by itself in China. I cannot help hoping also that it is one of the first places where this cruel Chinese custom will die out. The Roman Catholic Sisters appeared eager to bring this about, though as usual it was impossible even to ask them to combine for the purpose with Protestant missionaries.

The China Merchants' Company had granted me a free pass by all their steamers, the Hong-Kong Canton Macao Company had been equally liberal, and now the Douglas Lapraik Line did likewise. I began to feel as if it were hardly right that hotels should charge me anything when steamer companies were so generous. But it was only at Canton and Macao that it was necessary to go to hotels. Everywhere else people most kindly entertained me for the Cause.

At Swatow, the next treaty port to be visited, I came across a quite different kind of binding. There people do not shorten the child's feet, always the most painful part of the process. In order to get some field work out of the children they do not bind their feet till twelve, often not till thirteen, when the foot is already too much formed for it to be possible to do more than narrow it by binding all the toes but the big one underneath the foot. An abnormally high heel is, how-

ever worn, and this gives to the foot, placed slanting upon it, the appearance of being short. There is often a little round hole at the tip of the shoe through which the great toe can be seen. Obviously this kind of binding is far easier to unbind, and going five hours by steam launch up the river to Kityang I was delighted on being taken round to call on the various leading families to find them nearly all unbinding. The talk in each house among the ladies was as to whether all their toes had yet come up or not. They have a way there of trying to pull them up by strings. One lady was very proud that her foot was now all right. Bound at eight, unbound at twenty-one, seemed to be the record of her life. She said it had taken three years for her feet to regain their natural shape, but appeared now well satisfied with them. In another house one lady had two toes that seemed to be driving her nearly desperate, in another one lady said she was almost giving up one toe. There was no Chinese society against binding in the place, nor did the missionaries, who were not long there, at all attribute this movement to their own influence, saying they had found it all going on when they arrived. It is probably the outcome of the great society started by Kang Yu Wei in this province, and which increased till it had three hundred thousand men's names on its books, before it was

dissolved by the Dowager Empress Tse Hsi's orders after the *Coup d'Etat* of 1898, when she forbade all societies. In one house all the four sons had distinguished themselves at the examinations, all had taken the first degree of Budding Talent, one having passed first of his year, and having therefore just received an invitation to Peking to instruct the Manchus there; whilst the eldest son had already taken the second degree. There I was gratified by finding my portrait in a Chinese magazine laid open on the table, evidently with the idea of being complimentary. And it seemed curious for once in a way to find people in China doing just what they would in Europe.

Although feet are not bound very small at Swatow, those that were exhibited to me at the various meetings by women who wished to unbind, were certainly sufficiently revolting, and during all the evening afterwards I could not recover from the painful impression made by one.

At bright, beautiful Amoy the anti-footbinding movement has for about twenty years been nurtured and watched over by Mr McGowan, who has now the satisfaction of seeing all the many Christian women of the place unbound, and shod with what certainly is the neatest Chinese shoe I have seen. At Canton the women with natural feet wear what is called the boat shoe, being

shaped like the bottom of a boat, on which they can balance backwards and forwards. Boat-women and working women do not bind there, which has given the foreigner, who so often gets his idea of a Chinese city from Canton, the impression that this is the case all through China. Alas! in the West women even track boats with bound, hoof-like feet, besides carrying water, whilst in the north the unfortunate working women do field work, often kneeling on the heavy clay soil, because they are incapable of standing. It is only at Canton that bound feet are in any sense a mark of gentility, though in Shanghai and many other parts they are a sign of respectability. The more distinguished ladies in Hong-Kong or Canton who do not bind, wear the other—the clog-like—Manchu shoe with a very high heel quite in the centre of the foot. But at Amoy under the training of the missionaries a very neat little shoe has been devised, such as would give any foot a very dapper appearance.

At Amoy it had been decided from the first that an effort should be made to interest the officials, an impossibility at Swatow, as there were none there. But there the language difficulty, great all through China, but greater in the south, reached its climax, for it was pronounced necessary there to have two interpreters, one who should translate into Mandarin, the language of the

officials, one to interpret for the Amoy people, who speak an altogether different sounding language. Already at Swatow I had found that my Ningpo servant, who could speak a little Mandarin, and had also succeeded generally in making himself understood at Canton and Macao, though he could not often understand the people of those places, was in difficulties. At Amoy he was, as he afterwards said, like a dumb man, having no one but me to speak to: even at Foochow being better off, because one of the servants at the Consulate, where we stayed, was from afar. And Amoy was the only place where I spoke through two interpreters, though this was because at Foochow none of the local Chinese were invited to the official's gathering, otherwise I must have done so there also.

The Taotai at Amoy was of the conquering Manchu race, which never binds, therefore he wore an air of complete sympathy and approval at the meeting, which he was good enough to attend at the Club Theatre. Several other Chinese officials and men of wealth and standing were also there, all invited by the British Consul General. Several gave handsome money contributions, gave in their names as members, and promised co-operation, the Taotai even undertaking to placard the Viceroy Chang Chih Tung's words against foot-binding all through the city. A ladies' meeting

was hardly so satisfactory, still the fact that it came off at all was something, for the meeting was held on the island covered with foreign villas and gardens, whereas all the Chinese live in the great city of Amoy across a considerable stretch of sea, and not being in the habit of coming out, the bare idea of crossing the sea on a rather tempestuous day must have appeared most alarming to them, especially when it was in order to go into a *foreign* house.

The roughest voyage I had yet had took me from Amoy to Foochow, and there real hard work began. The schools and the Christian congregations had all mustered in force in Amoy, but were all unbound, so that it was only necessary to cheer them on there, and the schools there are as nothing compared with the schools at Foochow, which is a regular centre of education. Then the island at Amoy is so small it is but like one big flowerful garden, whereas at Foochow the distances are enormous. And to add to it all, it poured nearly all the time I was there. Thus I could never really see the mountains, which have led to this port being the most renowned for scenery of any in China, but was for ever being carried backwards and forwards in dripping rain through the longest, dirtiest and narrowest streets of the Chinese city.

It was, however, delightful to see the great

colleges that the Americans especially have started in Foochow. There is always one remarkable feature about their educational establishments, and that is the teaching of Chinese young men to such a large extent by American women. I am still sufficiently English to find it very odd, but as far as I can judge it seems to work very well, softening and stimulating the Chinese young men as I fancy nothing else could. One of the students at the college interpreted for me, and was pronounced by two or three severely critical Sinologues the very best interpreter they had ever come across. And the occasion when they heard him was at a very trying meeting for the young man, for I accomplished another long-cherished desire at Foochow, and addressed a meeting in a Guild hall.

All through China there is a most complicated organisation of guilds, far surpassing that in Europe during the Middle Ages, and the buildings where they meet, hold their clubs and give their dinners and theatricals, are generally the great ornament of Chinese cities, vying with, if not surpassing, the temples. I had long wished, if it were possible, to hold an anti-footbinding meeting in one of them, and this dream of mine became realised at Foochow. There was a great hesitancy at first as to which picturesque courtyard would be best adapted for the purpose, and at the

time appointed we wandered from one to the other, followed by a little but ever-growing audience till at last we settled down into one. The far end was open to the evening sky, and there a certain number of women actually found a standing place. We took the place of honour at the opposite end, a few leading people sat in the two rows of large chairs down the middle of the hall fronting one another, but the bulk of the audience stood, and by some process of natural selection men of the literary class, sad-faced, young reformers, stood to the right, men of the mercantile class, jolly-looking compradors and prosperous merchants, all men who, by mixture with foreigners, have learnt to think scorn of old barbarous ways, stood to the left. No one would speak. But when those who wished footbinding done away were asked to hold up their hands, up went all the hands at arm's length from the literary side. It was an impressive sight in the fast-waning daylight. They all looked so sad and appeared so voiceless. Among the six young men put to death by the ruthless Tse Hsi at the *Coup d'Etat* in 1898 had been their youthful leader Lin, who was fast winning over all Foochow to not binding, when he met his untimely end. No one liked to name him, but everyone thought of him. But the other day he was one of them. The mercantile side

seemed equally of one mind, but less enthusiastically so.

One of the merchants had asked us to visit his wife and see if we could persuade her to desist from binding their one little girl, saying that he would ask several ladies to meet us there. This last part did not come off, but we had seen the wife and child, and received a very painful impression. The child was a frail little thing with even darker rings than ordinary under the process beneath her eyes, and a face that seemed all suffering, yet with especially winning pretty little ways. Our hearts were drawn out towards the child, and from her delicate appearance we did not think it possible she should live if the mutilation of her feet were continued, even if it were possible yet to save her. So as the mother declared that she knew it was too much for her child, and that she meant to unbind her feet, I said as persuasively as I knew how, "Why not do it now? Would you allow me the pleasure of beginning?" As the mother did not object, I touched the child's bandages with of course the intention of getting them somewhat loosened, and so giving her comparative ease. Naturally one would not dare to remove them altogether at once. But the poor little girl, who had never had her bandages touched except to tighten them, cried out and looked at me with an expression of such

hopeless agony as I had never seen on a child's face and hope never to see again. She looked me right in the eyes as Chinese so rarely do and her eyes said to mine, "I *cannot* bear it. I know I cannot. I am powerless to save myself from you. *But*—it is *more* than I can bear." That expression of helpless rage and agony and hate in the poor little wizened child's face is more than I can ever hope to forget, and would alone spur me on to redoubled efforts to do away with a custom, that has been more than so many children can endure, and that must have saturated so many childish souls with bitterness, before they passed away from a world made impossible for them. The anguished eyes of that little one plead with a power and a pathos beyond words. Would her mother yet unbind her feet? And even so was it not already too late? And even if not, how many thousands, nay, millions of little girls have been, are, and will be in like case, unless this practice of torturing tender little girls, that they may eventually win favour in the eyes of men of vitiated taste by the exaggeration of their deformity can be brought to an end?

The young men at the great Methodist Episcopal College, one of the educational institutions that has impressed me more favourably than any I have visited in China, although I hardly myself know why, loudly and almost violently

proclaimed their horror of the practice. So did the young men at the smaller American Board College within Foochow city. The other is outside in the foreign settlement. But when the ladies of the Church Mission gave a great party, all the ladies they invited were painfully bound, and all I asked said they themselves knew girls both whose feet had mortified off through binding.

It was like an illustration to the lecture to see the frail-looking Foochow ladies tottering on their bound feet, watched over and eventually supported away by their slaves, who, like the field women of Foochow, look like Amazons, with their silver sword-like hair-pins and huge ear-rings. Folding their well-developed arms across their bosoms and at least a head and shoulders taller than their bound-foot mistresses, they look indeed as if they were of another and more stalwart race by some charm attracted to serve and minister to pigmies.

If Foochow society be a sample of Chinese good society throughout the Empire what a mass of mortified feet there must be! And there are besides the innumerable girls who die of paralysis, eczema, and other illnesses, one in ten of the girls of China according to Chinese computation. But the head sister of the great Italian school and home at Hankow, numbering of late seven hundred souls, and of which she had been head for about



FOOCHOW FIELD WOMAN SELLING VEGETABLES.
Note the sword hair-pins, earrings and short coating.

[*By Mr Mencarini.*

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thirty years, told me before her death she thought this very much under the mark for her part of China. I chiefly remember this Church Mission meeting from the lovely flower arrangements, pretty European dresses, and picturesque houses. This Mission adapts Chinese buildings to its requirements instead of insisting upon forcing the architecture of an English conventicle and lodging-house or even church together with the beautiful gospel, that originally came to us from the beauty-loving East, upon the great Chinese nation, to whom decorative design is so much a matter of necessity that hardly the meanest cottager builds without it. Mission work has so often repelled me by its intense ugliness that it was quite a relief to find it as pretty as heathenism at Foochow, and far more pleasing from being cleanly and in good order. And I recalled again the women's hospital put up by the Church Mission at Ningpo, as eye-pleasing a bit of architecture as any to be seen in China in spite of its simplicity, and probably far more comfortable for Chinese inmates from being built in accordance with their customs, not ours. Foochow is commonly reckoned the most beautiful port in China from its surrounding scenery and the delightful river and mountain excursions that can be made from it. All this I could not see because of the pouring rain, but as a great educational centre it was most striking.

Few people either in England or America can have any idea what great things are being done there by well-trained teachers of various modes of thought, but all alike ardent educators. In the young men and women being educated by missionaries, who are too much absorbed in their work to be much talked about, lies probably the hope of China, if there be a hope now, when all the nations of Europe are striving to snatch some of the spoil out of the hands of the long effete Manchu Dynasty.

The Viceroy of Foochow was a very aged man, and at that time much beset by the claims of various European admirals, so that I did not see him, but the Taotai invited us to the Board of Foreign Affairs, where he and eight other high officials, among them the Salt Commissioner, the Treasurer and Governor of the city received us in the picturesque Chinese building, and then led us into a dining-room, arranged in the foreign style, where they entertained us at an elegant collation. They seemed very favourably disposed towards the movement, but there was a certain reticence in their manner, fully explained by the terrible events that have since occurred in North China, and of the preparation for which they were probably well informed, as we were not. It was then, however, the Taotai paid me the grandest compliment I can ever hope to

receive, when suddenly looking fixedly at me he said, "You are just like Kwanyin Pusa" (the Chinese Goddess of Mercy). "Hitherto we Chinese have had but one Kwanyin. But now we have two. You are the second." There was however a curious twinkle in his eyes when I asked if his little daughter were bound, and he answered me, "No! oh, no!" I guessed what it meant, and turned quickly to the official on my other hand, who blushed deeply, as he had to confess that all his daughters were bound. Then it was the Treasurer scored, when with great solemnity he said across the table, "The women of my family have not been bound for two hundred years." His family was one of the Chinese bannermen, and being thus mixed up with Manchu bannermen has to conform to Manchu usage. But the Taotai felt in honour bound to explain to the young Consul, who had kindly arranged everything he could for me in Foochow, that he himself had deceived me, for his little girl was only three years old, much too young to be bound, under any circumstances. Let us hope however that she never has been.

A rough little voyage back to Shanghai, and then after a brief period of rest I started off on a circular tour to Hangchow and Soochow, the two great centres of fashion in China: Hangchow the capital of the province of which Ningpo is the

commercial port, and at one time the capital of China, and Soochow capital of the province in which Shanghai is situated. Almost at my own door I got into a boat, towed by one of the little steam tugs that daily make the journey, and next night after a voyage through most monotonous country recalling the low country of Europe, and only varied by innumerable stone bridges and memorial arches, arrived at Hangchow, one of the most interesting cities of China. The Taotai there again received us at the Board of Foreign Affairs, far prettier than that at Foochow, being situated in a most fantastic garden, full of rocks and with a fine wistaria hanging its tresses of fragrant, lilac flowers over a corridor, made like the bridges in the Shanghai city tea garden in a variety of different slants. It was however again pouring, so we had to hurry into the entrance hall, where we were received by the Taotai and only two other high officials, although a good many minor ones. After the Consul's wife and I had out of deference to foreign ideas been placed in the seats of honour on the daïs we were conducted again to a collation in the foreign style, and there the Taotai made our hearts glad by telling us his wife and all the women members of his household had unbound feet. He was also quite eager himself to undertake placarding the city with the Viceroy Chang Chih Tung's most



HAINING SEA WALL; BOATS WAITING FOR THE HANGCHOW BORE, A GREAT WAVE ABOUT 20 FEET HERE, ONE OF THE MOST STIRRING SIGHTS IN CHINA. [*By Mrs Cecil Holliday.*

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cogent arguments against footbinding, though this had to be abandoned afterwards, owing to the Viceroy's having evidently written this paper at the request of his then particular friend Mr Liang, and twice speaking of him by name. As Mr Liang, late editor of *Chinese Progress*, and such a master of style that many literary Chinese say on reading any of his writings their eyes brim over with tears of admiration, had been condemned to death by Tse Hsi and moved about with a price put upon his head, it would not do for a Taotai now officially to put forth to the world any paper containing his name. Under these circumstances we applied to Chang Chih Tung to alter his essay so that we could still use it, not daring to change it ourselves, as to alter even a word in a Chinese essay would be as heinous as to change the words in one of Milton's sonnets. The Viceroy said he would as soon as he had time. That was late in May, and in June the Empress's edict was out for the annihilation of all foreigners, the legations were besieged in Peking, and it would be unreasonable to suppose that either of the two great Yangtze Viceroys had leisure to write or correct an essay.

Besides other meetings there was a very lovely gathering of Hangchow ladies one afternoon. Curiously enough they mostly came in the most exquisite brocades of the same delicate rose

colour, which made a fine contrast with the beautiful green jade ornaments, with which their dark hair was somewhat loaded. For the most part they seemed too much occupied with their finery to pay much attention. But to be quite frank it must be recorded that one of the most beautifully dressed there, a girl of about nineteen, daughter of one of the leading families of the place, if not the leading family, asserted she could run and jump about with bound feet, and proceeded to do so, taking hold of my hand, and executing some of the most startling gambades and leaps. She was a plump young lady, and I could not help thinking must be suffering terribly afterwards, but she declared she was not in the least tired, and her face certainly showed no signs of suffering. I could not have believed it possible that anyone with deformed feet, and her feet were bound very small indeed, could have executed such leaps and gambols. But we trembled to think what must come of so much suppressed energy in a girl evidently brimming over with vitality yet cut off from almost all natural outlet. As she is very rich possibly the bicycle will come to her relief, as there seems to be no definite reason why a girl with bound feet should not ride, though a fall would probably be very serious in her case.

My visit to Soochow was altogether ex-

ceptional; the officials were all being changed, there could therefore be no official reception, for as in Ningpo, when I visited that place, those who were there were all busy going out to meet those who were arriving. An American doctor kindly invited me to meet his medical students, whom I was at last able to address in English without an interpreter, although it was not quite clear that they all understood fully, the words I used being necessarily different from those they were accustomed to in their medical studies, and the difference between English and American accents very puzzling. Here, however, for the first time on asking if there was anything to be urged in favour of footbinding, two young men had the courage of their opinions and maintained that there was—"It was pretty!" When I heard afterwards that they were both engaged to girls with small bound feet I felt almost sorry for the confusion into which I probably threw them by asking whether it was the shoes, which were certainly pretty, that they meant, or the feet inside them, which in every case, where I had seen them, were horrible to look at, for of course they had never seen the girls' feet and probably every Chinese, when he fondles the feet of his bride, likes to imagine that they are all that they appear — tiny, satin clad and beautifully embroidered. The other medical students were,

however, eager to form themselves into an anti-footbinding society, and after a meeting of Chinese men held next day, the audience at once convened another meeting themselves and decided to form themselves into a society to work upon all the rich silk dealing towns round about Foochow and to keep the newspapers *au courant* of the movement. They sent round two representatives to ask if they could have the use of the Hospital Chapel for monthly meetings, as if not they would select another place, but they thought that the most convenient. Their earnestness and eagerness were most remarkable, for Soochow is reckoned the Paris of China, and I had been warned that I should find the people caring for nothing but dress and fashion. The ladies' meeting really looked like it at first. They were all so very elegantly dressed, and seemed to have so many smiles and pretty greetings for one another. They were decidedly pretty—and I had lived fifteen years in China disbelieving in the possibility of a pretty Chinese woman—and they were for the most part very piquante. Curiously enough they were all in a very delicate shade of blue just as the Hangchow ladies were all in rose colour, but the cut was the same, very much tighter than we are accustomed to in the west of China, approximating to the English coat, and with the trimmings placed above the elbow

of the tight coat sleeve instead of hanging over the wrists round a sleeve about half a yard wide. Indeed the dress of the Hangchow and Soochow ladies, which may be called the present style of Chinese ladies' dress, seems just as near perfection as can be imagined. It is exceedingly pretty and can be made as handsome as anyone could desire, yet without ceasing to be modest and natural looking; in this way showing to great advantage beside our large hats pinned on to one side of our heads, or huge angel sleeves, or skirts so tight as barely to cover the figure, or requiring two hands to raise them when walking. It must be exceedingly convenient and comfortable, and as far as dress goes I should certainly be in favour of English ladies copying Soochow ladies' satin coats, pretty divided skirts (longitudinally pleated skirts made in two pieces), trousers and all rather than the other way. The shoes are just the one difficulty. Two Chinese lady doctors of my acquaintance wear European leather shoes.

This meeting was the most uncomfortably crowded I have ever addressed; all the windows were open, but they were crammed with heads of people who wanted to see and hear, yet could not get into the chapel, which was already crowded to suffocation. Indeed four or five ladies had to leave the room fainting before the meeting began. I felt as if I had not succeeded in touching the

hearts of the ladies of Hangchow, and looking at this fashionable crowd, all struggling to get their parties together and evidently thinking a great deal of themselves and their appearance, yet with that charm of manner that is so perceptible even where one cannot understand the spoken language, it seemed to me that my only justification for speaking to them about a national custom, under which every one of themselves was suffering, and about which of necessity they must know so much more than I did, was its enormity, and that the only way under the circumstances was frankly to speak out and say exactly how dreadful I thought it. The kind lady, who interpreted for me, did so admirably, born and bred in China yet without having lost her American vivacity, her heart was also deeply interested. When we both paused exhausted—the room was very hot—one of the ladies who sat in the front row, and who had struck me from the first as probably the leading lady there, said in short, staccato sentences with a definite pause between each, "I am sick and weary of the whole subject—I am tired of hearing of my feet—I am going to unbind them and join your society." "No! I first! I first!" cried a very sombrely-dressed lady, sitting about two rows behind her, who had been pointed out to me as the most literary lady there, having actually composed essays, of which her husband was very

proud. Then a Salt Commissioner's wife asked for associates' tickets for five members of her household, whilst several younger ladies said somewhat sadly, though with quiet dignity, as they bowed themselves out, "I am under authority, and therefore not free to act without first asking leave of those at home." Others joined, and many were the promises to set to work at unbinding. So that I left Soochow full of hopes that, if this centre of fashion thus began to unbind, a strong impetus would be given to the movement. But almost directly afterwards came the so-called Boxer rising in the North, and the Empress's orders for the annihilation of all foreigners, thus all left Soochow somewhat precipitately, and probably the ladies there have been afraid to seem to identify themselves with the reform party even by unbinding. But perhaps also they have not. For one of the strangest things about China in this Annus Funestus of 1900 has been the calm courage with which Chinese have done what they felt disposed to do, regardless of consequences, officials in many cases protecting fugitive foreigners, when they must have known they were endangering their own lives by doing so, and quite poor and unprotected people hazarding this only yet more frequently and daringly. The Chinese are not fond of fighting, they are not a combative race, but neither are they easily

rendered afraid. So that it is possible that that brilliant company of Soochow ladies have unbound just as they said they intended to do. Anyway we cannot doubt but that at great cost the armaments of Europe have—all unwittingly—been carrying forward the work our society was attempting with much attention to economy. For what chance have bound feet women had of escaping infuriated Boxers, or unrestrained Russian and French soldiers? Too many must all helplessly have perished not to have afforded a terrible lesson to their surviving men relations. And even during the Taiping rebellion the men in various parts pledged themselves never again to permit the binding of their women's feet, so awful were the massacres and wholesale suicides of the helpless bound ones, so that in some parts to this day in consequence they do not bind. If this cruel practice be in like manner swept away from Chilhi, Shantung and Shansi, appalling though the horrors there enacted, the mass of human suffering will be on the whole diminished, for wars come but for a time, footbinding has slain its victims for centuries, and year in year out has continued torturing. The poor bound west of China, where all women are bound, has received no such terrible lesson. God grant that without this it may yield to the persuasions of anti-footbinding societies foreign or Chinese! For the horrors enacted in the north, though they



WHAT WE HAD TO GET OUR BOAT THROUGH.

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may be suppressed in official reports, and passed over in strange silence by the European Press, have been enough to make even war correspondents shudder, murmuring sadly, "It has been like Hell let loose. It has been like Hell." And probably no other expression draws nigh to the atrocities perpetrated both by Boxers and alas! also by so-called Christian men.

If the women of the future be thereby saved good will have come out of the evil, for the women are not only in themselves half the nation but the mothers of the men. If the women be mutilated, ignorant, unhealthy, so will be the sons they bear and rear, and it is at least a noteworthy fact that, since footbinding came into fashion, no man whom the Chinese themselves regard as worthy of the nation's reverence has been born to the Chinese Empire. Even now the cry is "Where is the man?" According to the Chinese reckoning the time is indeed already over passed for a fresh Saviour of society to arise, as before at various different epochs, but blindly yet all ask "Where is the man?"

POSTSCRIPTUM

In 1906 the movement had been so advanced by official favour and Imperial edict and not-binding had become so fashionable, young ladies

of high degree even stuffing their shoes to make their feet appear larger than they really were, that at a vastly over-crowded Chinese meeting in Shanghai, a committee of Chinese men of influential position took over the direction of the movement from the foreign ladies who had hitherto guided it. And though footbinding may still linger on amongst the ignorant poor, in remote parts this curse of China may be considered to have received its death-blow. Would that China's other curse, opium smoking, could equally easily be done away with! But as the young men have been the mainspring in repressing the mutilation of little girls, so the women of China, now set upon their feet again, may yet so improve home life as in their turn to deal a death-blow to this great national vice.

So far suffering, opium smoking mothers have borne sons predisposed to desire opium. With the two curses gone there would then but remain China's sorrow, the Yellow River, to contend against, for the happy days of Yao and Shun once more to return to the Land of the Blue Gown, which may yet afford us such an example of the Christian virtues as we have not yet even dreamt of in Europe.

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